

A SHERLOCK HOLMES GRAPHIC NOVEL



THE HOUND^{OF THE} BASKERVILLES



CONAN DOYLE - EDGINTON - CULBARD



“Well, Watson, what do you make of it?”

In later life, **Sir Arthur Conan Doyle** (1859–1930) revealed that the main inspiration for Sherlock Holmes (the greatest detective never to have lived) was Joseph Bell, his old teacher at Edinburgh University’s medical faculty, whose methods of minute deduction and objective analysis informed Dr. Conan Doyle’s own career as (among other things) an “eye specialist”. A surgeon named Watson, as warm-hearted as Bell was austere, supplied the template for Holmes’ loyal friend Dr. Watson. In Conan Doyle’s parallel career as a writer, though, begun as a student, he repeatedly probed what a later collection called “Tales of Twilight and the Unseen”: his earliest surviving story was about a “Haunted Grange” (1878), while his final works from the 1920s include a series of tracts promoting Spiritualism and the existence of Elves and Fairies....

In *The Hound of the Baskervilles* (1902), written exactly midway through his career, Conan Doyle resurrected his great “specialist in crime” – and dramatized a lifetime’s obsession with the supernatural. Joining him in the ancient and treacherous landscape of the Devonshire Moors are a cast of gentleman scientists: as well as his faithful chronicler Dr. Watson, we meet another medic, Dr. Mortimer, a self-confessed “dabbler in science”; the lawyer Frankland, an amateur astronomer; and the Darwinian butterfly-collector Stapleton, whose mania for logical classification rivals Holmes’ own. But that is only half the story. For what can rational science do to help Sir Henry, the new incumbent of Baskerville Hall, escape the ancestral curse of the phantom Hound that has claimed his uncle’s life? Why are the servants behaving so strangely? And who is the mysterious figure glimpsed through Frankland’s telescope?

This atmospheric graphic novel adaptation by Ian Edginton and I.N.J. Culbard – the team behind this series’ acclaimed *A Study in Scarlet*, *The Sign of the Four* and *The Valley of Fear* – will keep you guessing...

A SHERLOCK



2323

GRAPHIC NOVEL

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THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

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A SHERLOCK HOLMES GRAPHIC NOVEL

THE HOUND^{OF} THE BASKERVILLES

ADAPTED FROM THE ORIGINAL NOVEL BY
SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

ILLUSTRATED BY
I.N.J. CULBARD

TEXT ADAPTED BY
IAN EDGINTON





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With thanks to: Doug Wallace, Jane Laporte and Nick de Somogyi

Dedications

*For Katy and Joseph for their love and patience.
For my mother for believing in me from the very beginning.
For my dear friend Colin, for all his help and without whom...*
– I. N. J. Culbard

*To the trio of lovely ladies in my life: my wife, Jane, and
daughters, Constance and Corinthia – Ian Edginton*

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FOREWORD

THE FOOTPRINTS OF A GIGANTIC HOUND...

Sherlock Holmes wasn't supposed to be in this book.

When Conan Doyle set to work in March of 1901, he simply wanted to write what he called "a real creeper". In a note to his mother he proposed a title, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, but there was no mention of his famous detective. As the novel progressed, however, Conan Doyle found that he needed a strong central figure to hold the plot together. "Why should I invent such a character," he said, "when I have him already in the form of Holmes?"

There was one problem: Sherlock Holmes was supposed to be dead. Eight years earlier, in a story called "The Final Problem", Holmes had been dragged to his death by the notorious Professor Moriarty at Switzerland's Reichenbach Falls. "I have been much blamed for doing that gentleman to death," wrote the weary author, "but I hold that it was not murder, but justifiable homicide in self-defence, since, if I had not killed him, he would certainly have killed me."

Now, however, as *The Hound of the Baskervilles* took shape, Conan Doyle relented and brought the detective back for a curtain call. "I have nearly finished 'Sherlock'," he told his mother as the manuscript neared completion, "and I hope he will live up to his reputation."

He needn't have worried. On the morning of publication in *The Strand* magazine, home of the original Holmes tales, a long line of expectant readers stood waiting for copies, and bribes were offered for advance peeks. The subsequent book edition became a massive bestseller, and would go on to become one of the most popular novels of the 20th century.

Not surprisingly, this success brought pressure for more Sherlock Holmes stories. Conan Doyle had made it clear that *The Hound* was nothing more than a previously untold tale, predating the fatal encounter with Professor Moriarty. Soon, however, the American magazine *Collier's Weekly* offered a staggering sum of money for a series of new adventures featuring a fully resurrected Holmes. Bowing to the inevitable, Conan Doyle signalled his acceptance with a laconic postcard: "Very well. A.C.D." All that remained was to figure out how the detective had survived his apparent death at the Reichenbach Falls.

But that's a different story...

— Daniel Stashower

author of the Edgar Award-winning
Teller of Tales: The Life of Arthur Conan Doyle

**MR.
SHERLOCK
HOLMES**





LET ME HEAR
YOU RECONSTRUCT
THE MAN BY
EXAMINATION
OF IT.



WELL...
I THINK, THAT
DR. MORTIMER IS
A SUCCESSFUL, ELDERLY
MEDICAL MAN, WELL-
ESTEEMED, SINCE THOSE
WHO KNOW HIM GIVE HIM
THIS MARK OF THEIR
APPRECIATION.

GOOD!
EXCELLENT!



I THINK HE IS A
COUNTRY PRACTITIONER
WHO DOES A GREAT DEAL OF
VISITING ON FOOT. THIS STICK,
THOUGH ORIGINALLY A HANDSOME
ONE, HAS BEEN SO KNOCKED
ABOUT I CAN HARDLY IMAGINE
A TOWN PRACTITIONER
CARRYING IT.

THE THICK IRON
FERRULE IS WORN DOWN,
SO IT IS EVIDENT A GREAT
DEAL OF WALKING HAS
BEEN DONE WITH IT.



PERFECTLY
SOUND.

CLAP!



THE "FRIENDS
OF THE C.C.H."?
I SHOULD GUESS
THAT TO BE THE
"SOMETHING" HUNT,
THE LOCAL HUNT
TO WHOSE
MEMBERS HE
GAVE SOME
SURGICAL
ASSISTANCE,
WHO HAVE MADE
HIM A SMALL
PRESENTATION
IN RETURN.





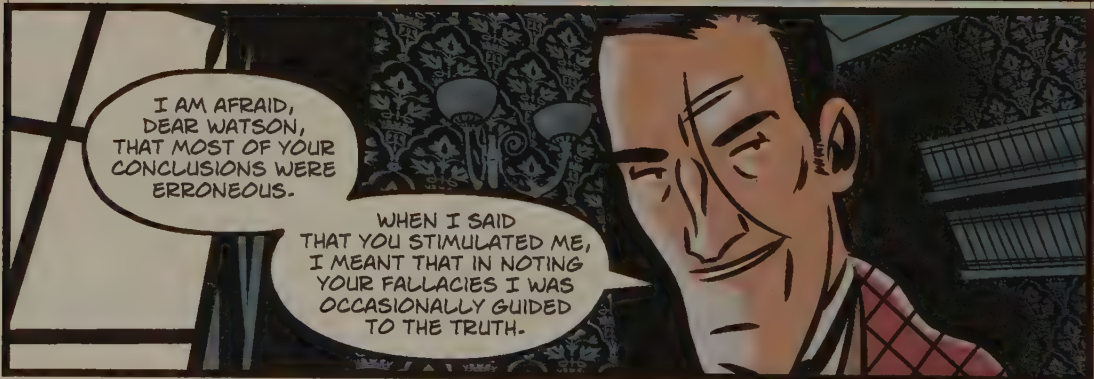
I AM BOUND TO SAY THAT IN ALL THE ACCOUNTS WHICH YOU HAVE BEEN SO GOOD TO GIVE OF MY OWN SMALL ACHIEVEMENTS YOU HAVE HABITUALLY UNDERRATED YOUR OWN!



I CONFESS, MY DEAR FELLOW, THAT I AM VERY MUCH IN YOUR DEBT.



HAS ANYTHING ESCAPED ME? I TRUST THERE IS NOTHING OF CONSEQUENCE I HAVE OVERLOOKED?



NOT THAT YOU ARE ENTIRELY WRONG IN THIS INSTANCE. THE MAN CERTAINLY IS A COUNTRY PRACTITIONER. HOWEVER, SUCH A PRESENTATION TO A DOCTOR IS MORE LIKELY TO COME FROM A HOSPITAL THAN A HUNT.

THE INITIALS "C.C.": THE WORDS "CHARING CROSS" VERY NATURALLY SUGGEST THEMSELVES!

WHEN DR. MORTIMER WITHDREW FROM THE HOSPITAL TO START A PRACTICE FOR HIMSELF, HIS FRIENDS UNITED TO GIVE HIM THIS PLEDGE OF THEIR GOODWILL.

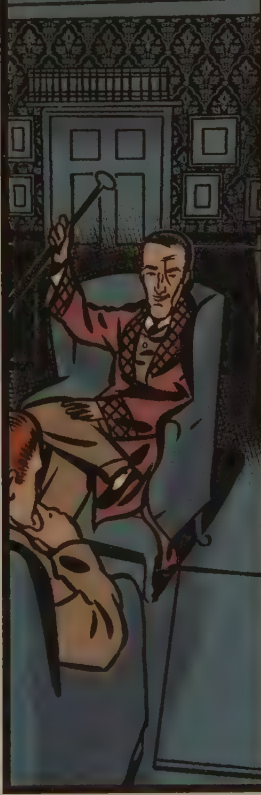
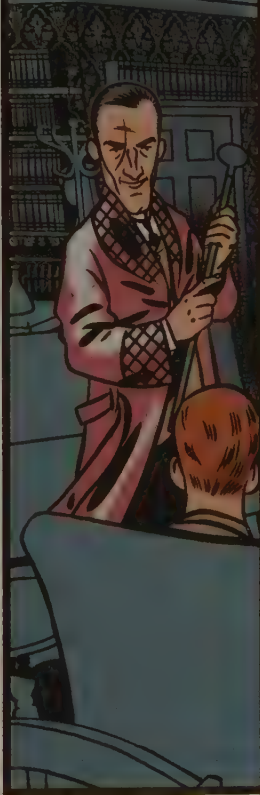
HE WAS ONLY A HOUSE SURGEON OR PHYSICIAN, SINCE ONLY A MAN WELL ESTABLISHED IN A LONDON PRACTICE WOULD BE ON THE HOSPITAL STAFF AND SUCH A ONE WOULD NOT DRIFT INTO THE COUNTRY.

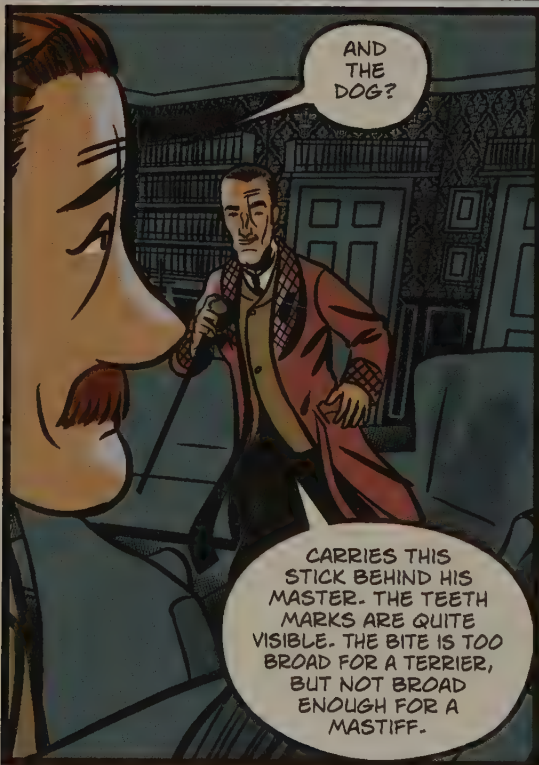
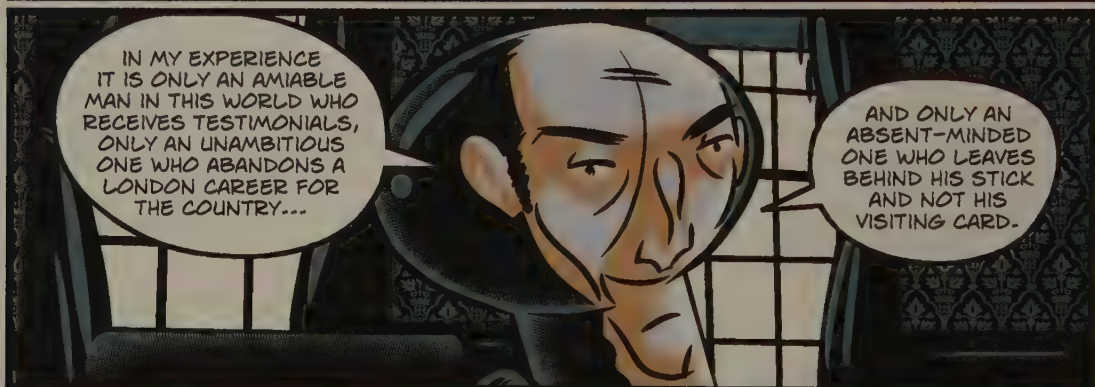
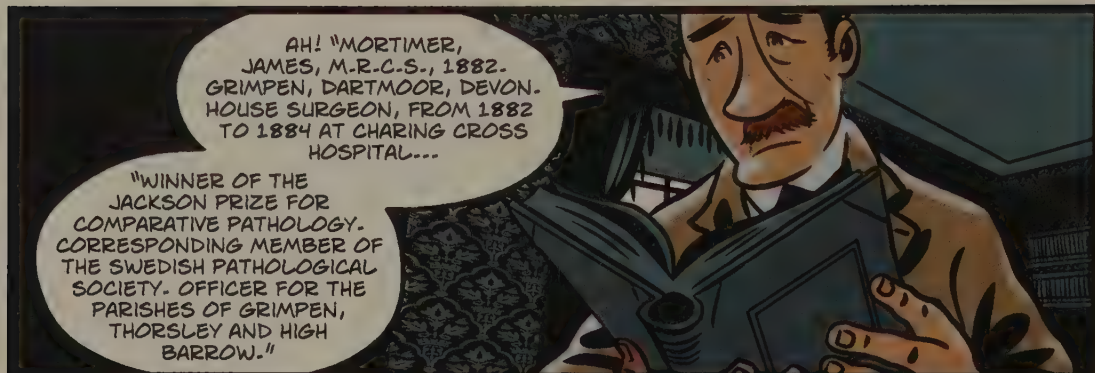
HE LEFT FIVE YEARS AGO, OBSERVE, THE DATE IS ON THE STICK!

SO YOUR GRAVE FAMILY PRACTITIONER VANISHES INTO THIN AIR, MY DEAR WATSON, AND EMERGES A YOUNG FELLOW UNDER THIRTY. AMIABLE, UNAMBITIOUS, ABSENT-MINDED AND THE POSSESSOR OF A FAVOURITE DOG!

I SHOULD DESCRIBE IT AS BEING LARGER THAN A TERRIER, BUT SMALLER THAN A MASTIFF.

I'VE NO MEANS OF CHECKING THAT, BUT I DO KNOW HOW TO FIND OUT A FEW PARTICULARS OF THE MAN'S AGE AND CAREER - THE MEDICAL DIRECTORY!





"FOR THE VERY SIMPLE
REASON I CAN SEE THE
DOG HIMSELF ON OUR
VERY DOORSTEP..."



TRRRRIINGGG!



AND
THERE IS
THE RING
OF ITS
OWNER!



DO NOT MOVE,
WATSON! HE IS
A PROFESSIONAL
BROTHER OF YOURS,
YOUR PRESENCE MAY
BE OF ASSISTANCE
TO ME!

NOW IS
THE DRAMATIC
MOMENT OF FATE,
WHEN YOU HEAR
A STEP UPON THE
STAIR AND KNOW
NOT WHETHER
FOR GOOD OR
ILL!



WHAT DOES
DR. JAMES
MORTIMER, THE MAN
OF SCIENCE, ASK OF
SHERLOCK HOLMES,
THE SPECIALIST
IN CRIME?

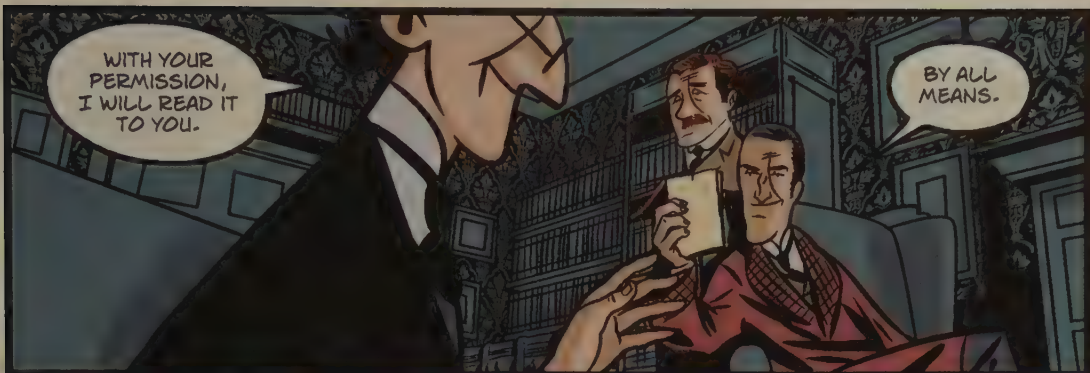






THE CURSE OF THE BASKERVILLES





"OF THE ORIGIN OF THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES, I HAD THE STORY FROM MY FATHER WHO HAD IT FROM HIS AND I BELIEVE IT OCCURRED AS IS HERE SET FORTH-

LEARN ALSO FROM THIS STORY, MY SONS, NOT TO FEAR THE FRUITS OF THE PAST BUT BE CIRCUMSPECT IN THE FUTURE---

THAT THOSE FOUL PASSIONS WHEREBY OUR FAMILY SUFFERED SO GRIEVOUSLY, MAY NOT BE AGAIN LOOSED TO OUR UNDOING."

"KNOW THEN, AT THE TIME OF THE GREAT REBELLION, HUGO OF BASKERVILLE MANOR WAS HELD TO BE A MOST WILD, PROFANE AND GODLESS MAN."

"THERE WAS IN HIM A CERTAIN WANTON AND CRUEL HUMOUR WHICH MADE HIS NAME A BYWORD THROUGH THE WEST."



"IN HIS FASHION, HE CAME TO LOVE THE DAUGHTER OF A LOCAL YEOMAN. BUT BEING OF GOOD REPUTE, SHE AVOIDED HIM, FEARING HIS EVIL NAME."

"SO, ONE MICHAELMAS, HUGO AND HIS WICKED COMPANIONS CARRIED HER OFF TO THE HALL."



"THE MAIDEN WAS PLACED IN AN UPPER CHAMBER, WHILE HUGO AND HIS FRIENDS CAROUSED AS WAS THEIR NIGHTLY CUSTOM."

"THE POOR LASS WAS LIKE TO HAVE HER WITS TURNED AT THE SINGING, SHOUTING AND TERRIBLE OATHS THAT CAME UP FROM BELOW."



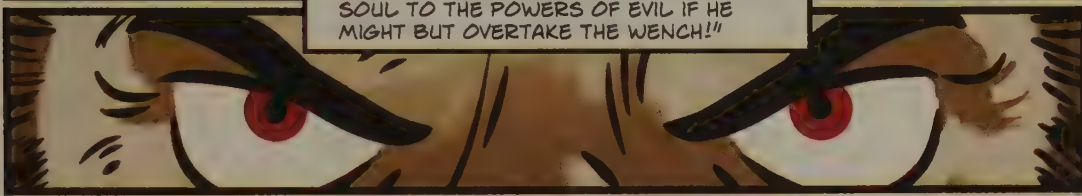
"FINALLY, IN THE STRESS OF HER FEAR, SHE DID WHAT MIGHT HAVE DAUNTED THE BRAVEST OF MEN, CLIMBING DOWN FROM UNDER THE EAVES, THEN HOMEWARD ACROSS THE MOOR."



"WHEN HUGO FOUND THE CAGE EMPTY, THE BIRD FLOWN, HE BECAME AS ONE THAT HATH A DEVIL IN HIM!"



"HE CRIED ALOUD BEFORE ALL COMPANY THAT HE WOULD RENDER HIS BODY AND SOUL TO THE POWERS OF EVIL IF HE MIGHT BUT OVERTAKE THE WENCH!"



"HUGO TOOK TO HIS MARE, UNKENNELLED HIS HOUNDS AND RODE OFF FULL CRY INTO THE MOONLIGHT OVER THE MOOR."



"THE REVELLERS STOOD AGAPE, UNABLE TO UNDERSTAND ALL THAT HAD BEEN DONE IN HASTE."



"ANON THEIR BEMUSED WITS AWOKE AND THIRTEEN TOOK TO HORSE AND STARTED IN PURSUIT."

"THEY PASSED A NIGHT SHEPHERD UPON THE MOOR AND DEMANDED TO KNOW IF HE HAD SEEN THE HUNT."

"CRAZED WITH FEAR, HE SAID HE HAD SEEN THE MAIDEN WITH THE HOUNDS ON HER TRACK, HUGO BASKERVILLE ON HIS BLACK MARE, AND RUNNING MUTE BEHIND HIM A HOUND OF HELL AT HIS HEELS!"

"CURSING THE SHEPHERD, THE DRUNKEN SQUIRES RODE ON, BUT THEIR SKINS TURNED COLD AS THE BLACK MARE WENT PAST, TRAILING ITS BRIDLE AND EMPTY SADDLE."



"RIDING SLOWLY, THEY CAME UPON THE HOUNDS, WHIMPERING IN A CLUSTER, STARING EYES GAZING DOWN THE NARROW VALLEY BEFORE THEM."



"MORE SOBER THAN WHEN THEY STARTED, THREE OF THE BOLDEST RODE FORWARD INTO THE DEEP DIP OR GOYAL."



"THERE IN THE CLEARING LAY THE UNHAPPY MAID WHERE SHE HAD FALLEN, DEAD OF FEAR AND FATIGUE."



"BUT IT WAS NOT THE SIGHT OF HER BODY, NOR THAT OF HUGO BASKERVILLE LYING NEAR HER, WHICH RAISED THE HAIR UPON THE HEADS OF THESE DARE-DEVIL ROISTERS..."



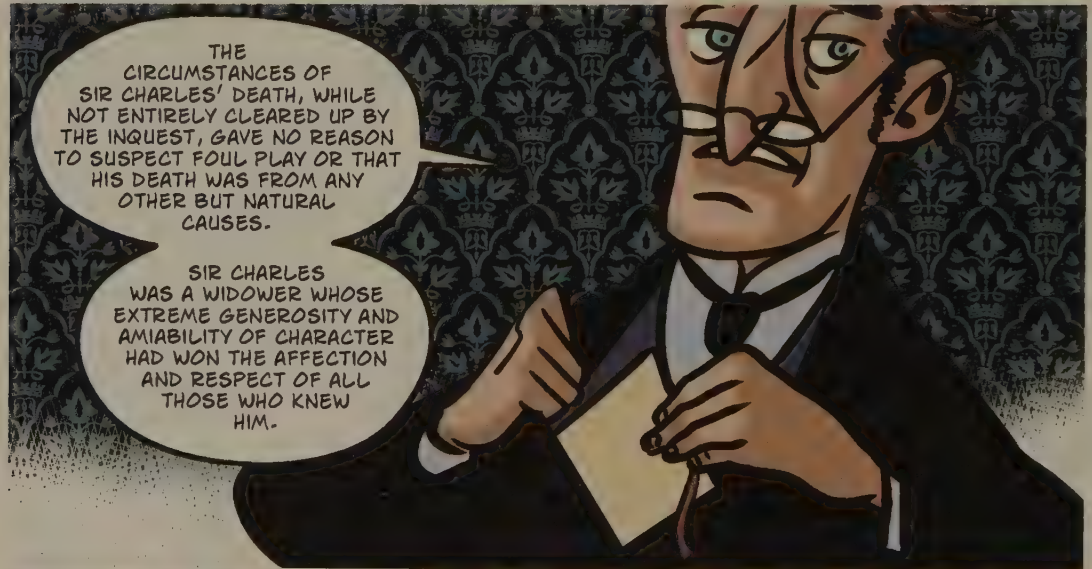
"A GREAT BLACK BEAST, SHAPED LIKE A HOUND YET LARGER THAN EVER MORTAL EYE RESTED UPON, HAD TORN THE THROAT FROM HUGO BASKERVILLE AND TURNED ITS BLAZING EYES UPON THE THREE."

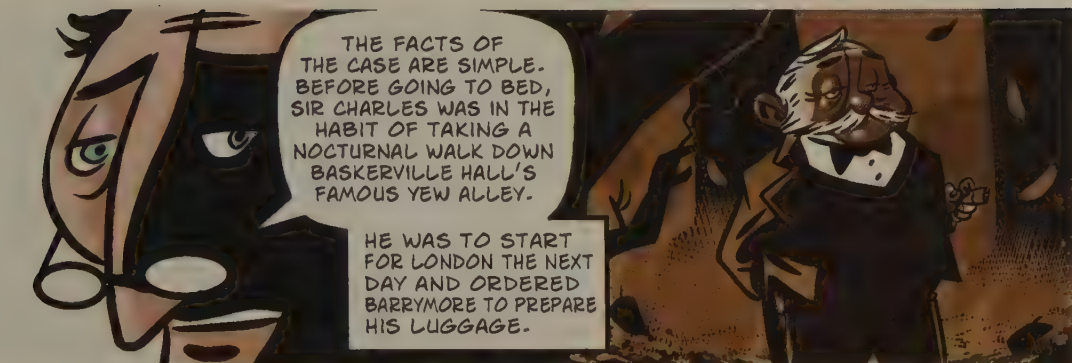


"ONE, IT IS SAID, DIED THAT VERY NIGHT OF WHAT HE HAD SEEN. THE OTHER TWO WERE BUT BROKEN MEN FOR THE REST OF THEIR DAYS."

"SUCH IS THE TALE, MY SONS, OF THE COMING OF THE HOUND WHICH IS SAID TO HAVE PLAGUED THE FAMILY EVER SINCE."

"I WARN YOU NOT TO CROSS THE MOOR IN THOSE DARK HOURS WHEN THE POWERS OF EVIL ROAM FREE."



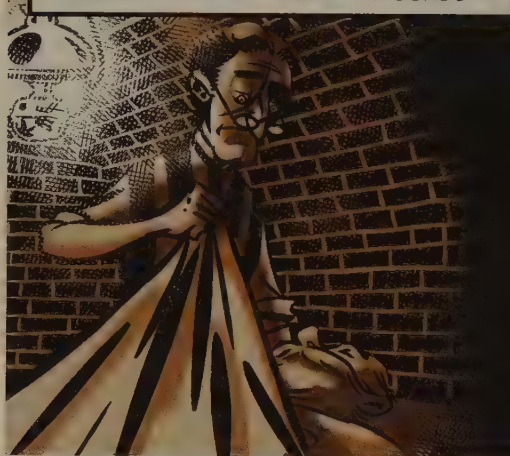


"ONE AS YET UNEXPLAINED FACT IS THAT BARRYMORE STATED HIS MASTER'S FOOTPRINTS ALTERED FROM THE TIME HE PASSED THE MOOR GATE, THAT HE APPEARED FROM THENCE ONWARDS TO HAVE BEEN WALKING ON HIS TOES."

"MURPHY, A GYPSY HORSE-DEALER, WAS CLOSE TO ON THE MOOR AND CLAIMED TO HAVE HEARD CRIES, BUT BEING THE WORSE FOR DRINK COULD NOT CONFIRM THEIR DIRECTION."



"THERE WERE NO SIGNS OF VIOLENCE UPON SIR CHARLES' PERSON. DEATH WAS FROM CARDIAC EXHAUSTION, BORNE OUT BY THE POST-MORTEM WHICH REVEALED LONG-STANDING ORGANIC DISEASE."



THE NEXT-OF-KIN IS MR. HENRY BASKERVILLE, THE SON OF SIR CHARLES' YOUNGER BROTHER. HE WAS DULY DISCOVERED TO BE IN AMERICA...

AND HAS BEEN INFORMED OF HIS GOOD FORTUNE.

I SEE. I MUST THANK YOU FOR CALLING MY ATTENTION TO A CASE WHICH CERTAINLY PRESENTS SOME FEATURES OF INTEREST.

I BELIEVE I HAD OBSERVED SOME NEWSPAPER COMMENT AT THE TIME, BUT WAS EXCEEDINGLY PREOCCUPIED BY THE AFFAIR OF THE VATICAN COMEDOS AND MY ANXIETY TO OBLIGE THE POPE.

WHAT YOU HAVE JUST RECOUNTED, THEY ARE THE PUBLIC FACTS REGARDING THE DEATH OF SIR CHARLES BASKERVILLE?



YES.



THEN
PRAY, NOW
LET ME HAVE
THE PRIVATE
ONES!



I, UH... IN DOING
SO, I AM TELLING THAT
WHICH I HAVE NOT CONFIDED
TO ANYONE. MY MOTIVE FOR
WITHHOLDING IT FROM THE
CORONER'S INQUIRY IS THAT
A MAN OF SCIENCE SHRINKS
FROM PLACING HIMSELF IN
THE PUBLIC POSITION OF
SEEMING TO ENDORSE
A POPULAR
SUPERSTITION.

I KNEW
NO PRACTICAL
GOOD COULD COME
OF IT, BUT WITH YOU I
SEE NO REASON WHY
I SHOULD NOT BE
PERFECTLY
FRANK.



"THE MOOR IS VERY SPARSELY
INHABITED. WITH THE EXCEPTION
OF MR. FRANKLAND OF LAFTER
HALL AND MR. STAPLETON, THE
NATURALIST, THERE ARE NO OTHER
MEN OF EDUCATION WITHIN MILES."



"SIR CHARLES WAS A RETIRING
MAN, BUT THE CHANCE OF HIS
ILLNESS BROUGHT US TOGETHER
AND A COMMUNITY OF INTERESTS
IN SCIENCE KEPT US SO."

"WITHIN THE LAST FEW
MONTHS, THOUGH, IT WAS
PLAIN SIR CHARLES'
NERVES WERE STRAINED
TO BREAKING POINT."

"HE HAD TAKEN THE LEGEND TO HEART AND WAS HONESTLY CONVINCED THAT A DREADFUL FATE OVERHUNG HIS FAMILY."

"I REMEMBER, VISITING SOME THREE WEEKS BEFORE THE FATAL EVENT, I HAD DESCENDED FROM MY GIG WHEN I SAW HIS EYES STARE PAST ME WITH AN EXPRESSION OF THE MOST DREADFUL HORROR!"



"I TURNED IN TIME TO GLIMPSE WHAT I TOOK TO BE A LARGE, BLACK CALF PASSING THE HEAD OF THE DRIVE. HOWEVER, THE INCIDENT MADE THE WORST IMPRESSION UPON HIS MIND."



"HIS HEART, TOO, I KNEW WAS AFFECTED BY THE CONSTANT ANXIETY. IT WAS ON MY ADVICE THAT HE WAS ABOUT TO GO TO LONDON AND ENJOY THE DISTRACTIONS OF THE TOWN. MR. STAPLETON, A MUTUAL FRIEND, WAS OF THE SAME OPINION."



THEN CAME THE NIGHT OF THIS TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE. BARRYMORE HAD SENT PERKINS THE GROOM TO FETCH ME...



"I REACHED THE HALL WITHIN THE HOUR. I CHECKED AND CORROBORATED THE FACTS. I FOLLOWED THE FOOTSTEPS DOWN THE YEW ALLEY, SAW WHERE SIR CHARLES PAUSED AT THE MOOR GATE AND THENCE BEYOND."



"SIR CHARLES' FEATURES WERE CONVULSED TO SUCH AN EXTENT I COULD HARDLY HAVE SWORN TO HIS IDENTITY. THERE WAS NO PHYSICAL INJURY OF ANY KIND, BUT ONE FALSE STATEMENT WAS MADE BY BARRYMORE AT THE INQUEST."



HE SAID HE DID NOT OBSERVE ANY TRACES UPON THE GROUND AROUND THE BODY... BUT I DID. FRESH AND CLEAR!

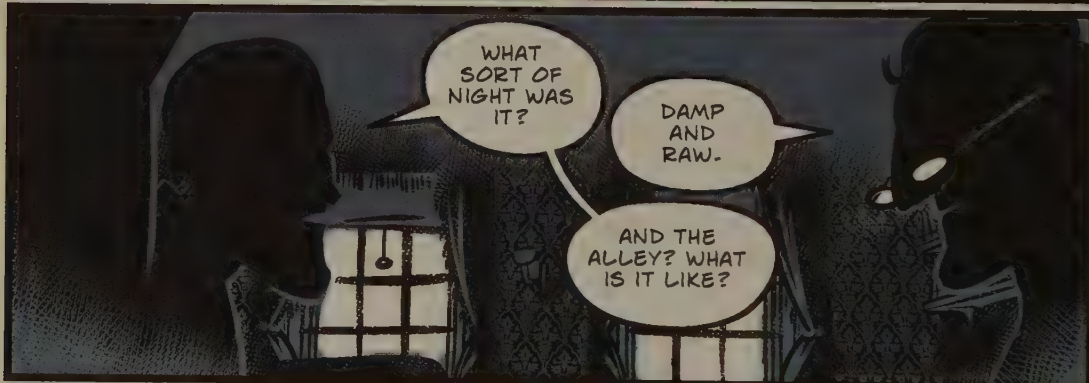
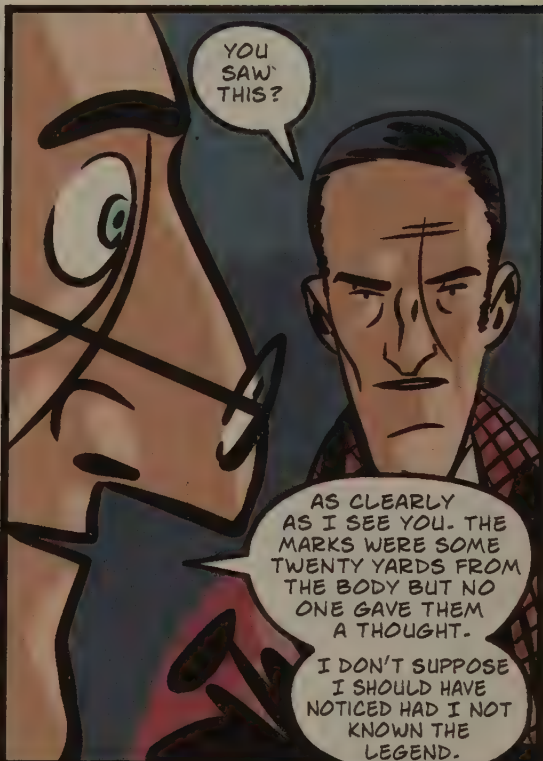
FOOTPRINTS!
A MAN OR
WOMAN'S?

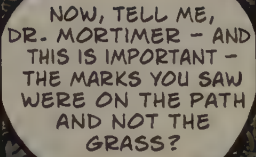


"MR. HOLMES, THEY WERE THE FOOTPRINTS OF A GIGANTIC HOUND!"

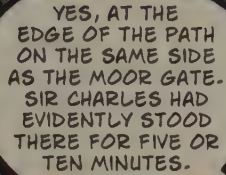


THE PROBLEM





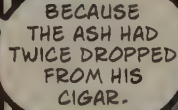
NOW, TELL ME, DR. MORTIMER - AND THIS IS IMPORTANT - THE MARKS YOU SAW WERE ON THE PATH AND NOT THE GRASS?



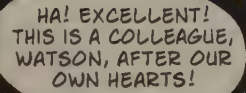
YES, AT THE EDGE OF THE PATH ON THE SAME SIDE AS THE MOOR GATE. SIR CHARLES HAD EVIDENTLY STOOD THERE FOR FIVE OR TEN MINUTES.



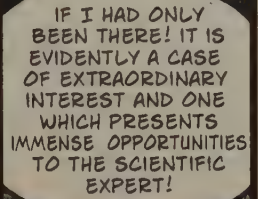
HOW DO YOU KNOW?



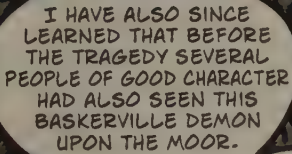
BECAUSE THE ASH HAD TWICE DROPPED FROM HIS CIGAR.



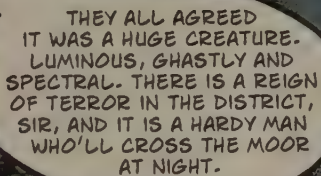
HA! EXCELLENT! THIS IS A COLLEAGUE, WATSON, AFTER OUR OWN HEARTS!



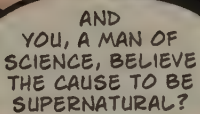
IF I HAD ONLY BEEN THERE! IT IS EVIDENTLY A CASE OF EXTRAORDINARY INTEREST AND ONE WHICH PRESENTS IMMENSE OPPORTUNITIES TO THE SCIENTIFIC EXPERT!



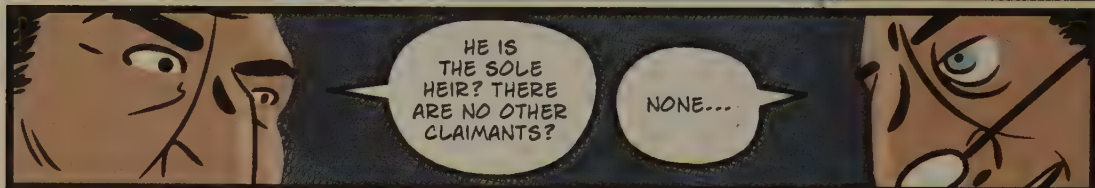
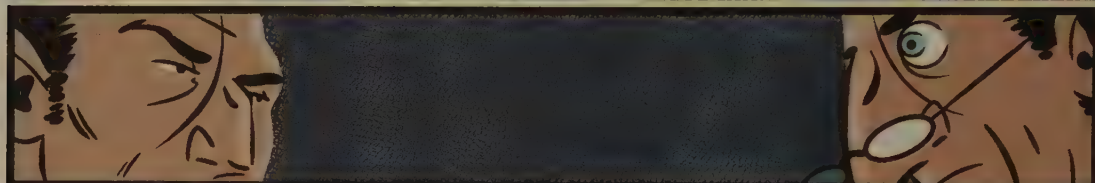
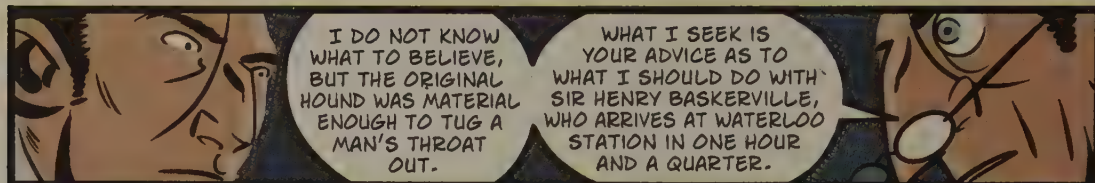
I HAVE ALSO SINCE LEARNED THAT BEFORE THE TRAGEDY SEVERAL PEOPLE OF GOOD CHARACTER HAD ALSO SEEN THIS BASKERVILLE DEMON UPON THE MOOR.



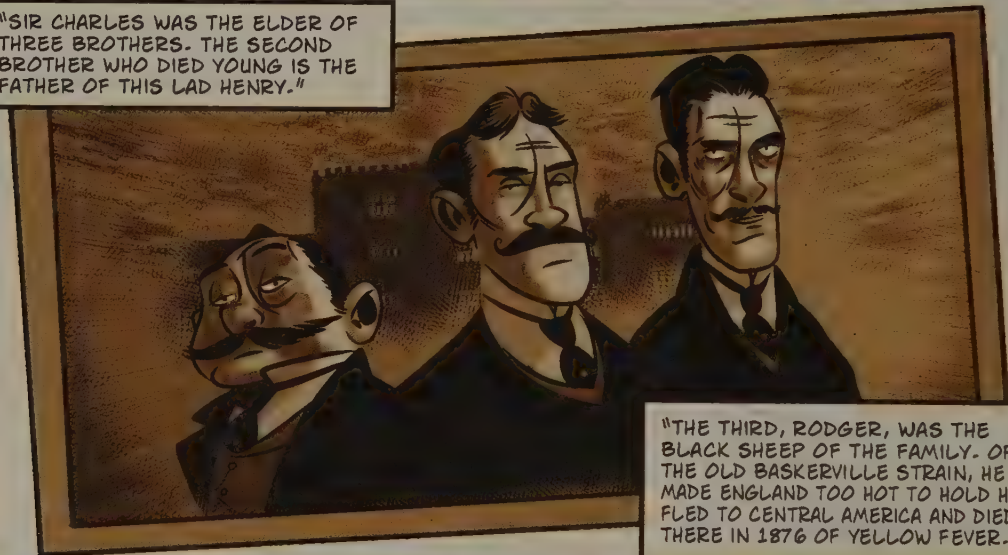
THEY ALL AGREED IT WAS A HUGE CREATURE. LUMINOUS, GHASTLY AND SPECTRAL. THERE IS A REIGN OF TERROR IN THE DISTRICT, SIR, AND IT IS A HARDY MAN WHO'LL CROSS THE MOOR AT NIGHT.



AND YOU, A MAN OF SCIENCE, BELIEVE THE CAUSE TO BE SUPERNATURAL?

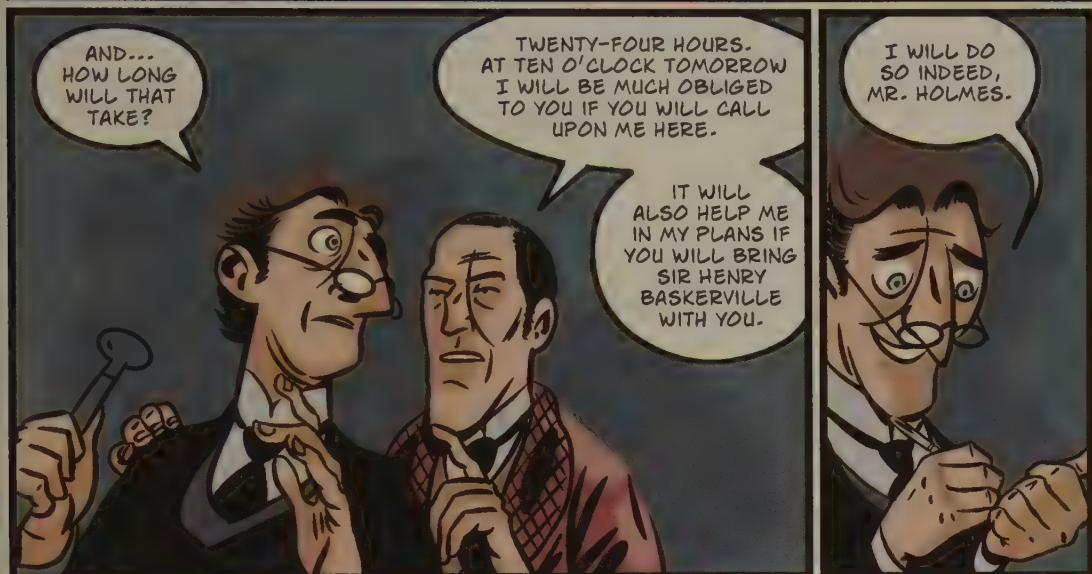


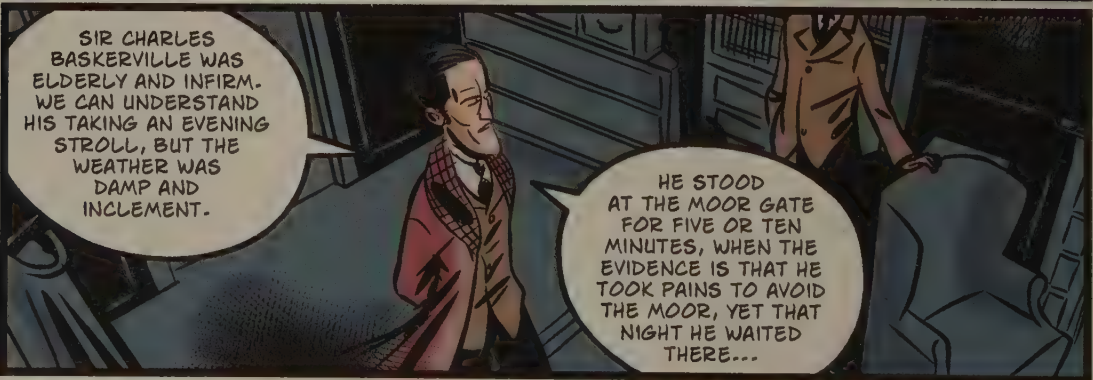
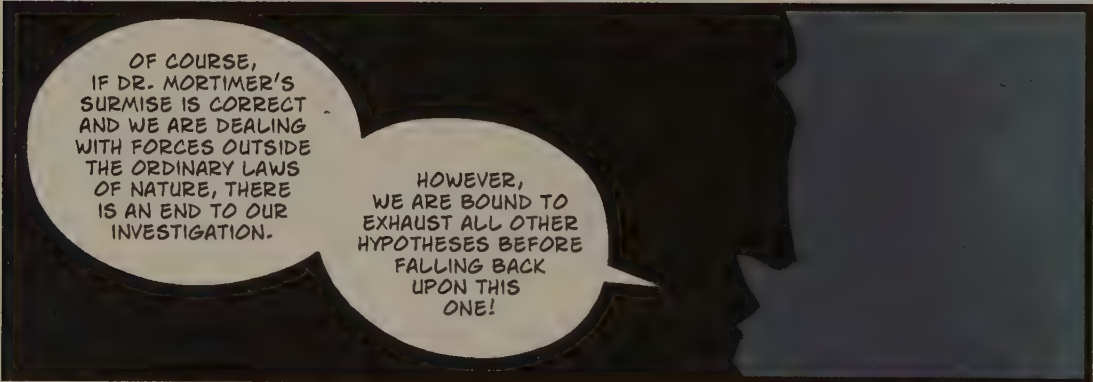
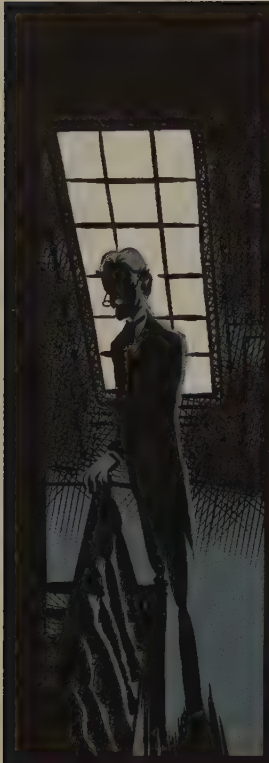
"SIR CHARLES WAS THE ELDER OF THREE BROTHERS. THE SECOND BROTHER WHO DIED YOUNG IS THE FATHER OF THIS LAD HENRY."

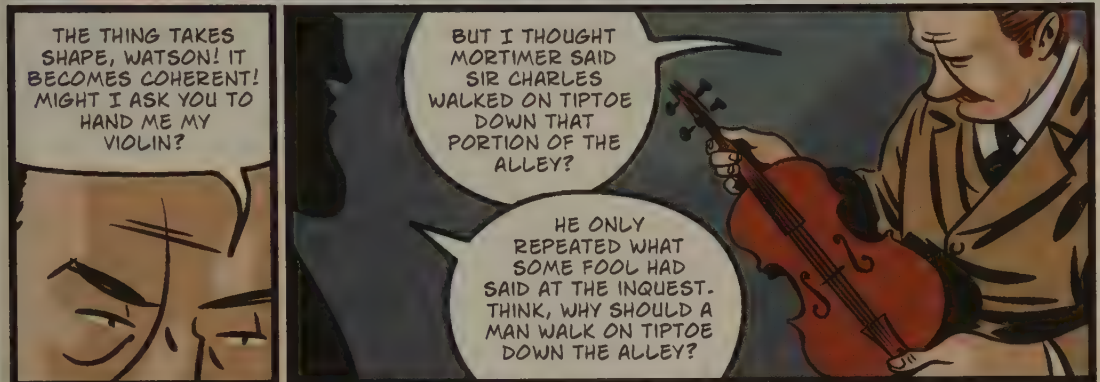


"THE THIRD, RODGER, WAS THE BLACK SHEEP OF THE FAMILY. OF THE OLD BASKERVILLE STRAIN, HE MADE ENGLAND TOO HOT TO HOLD HIM, FLED TO CENTRAL AMERICA AND DIED THERE IN 1876 OF YELLOW FEVER."



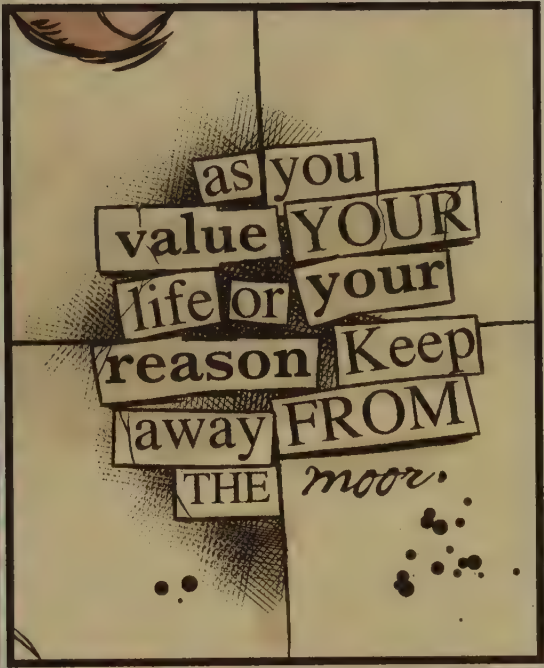
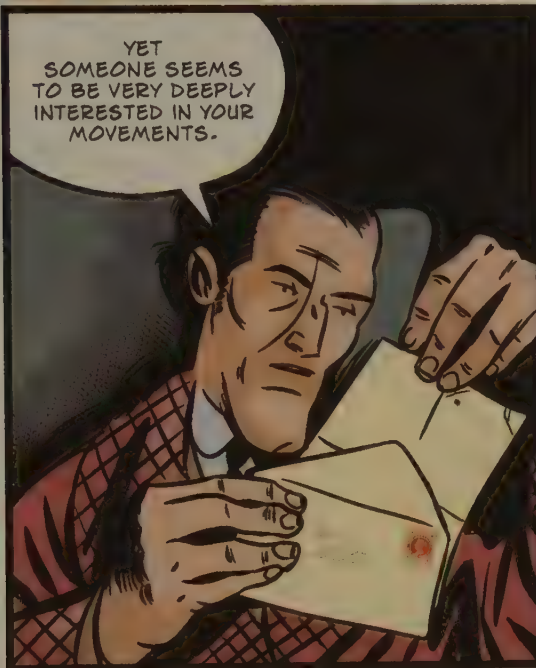


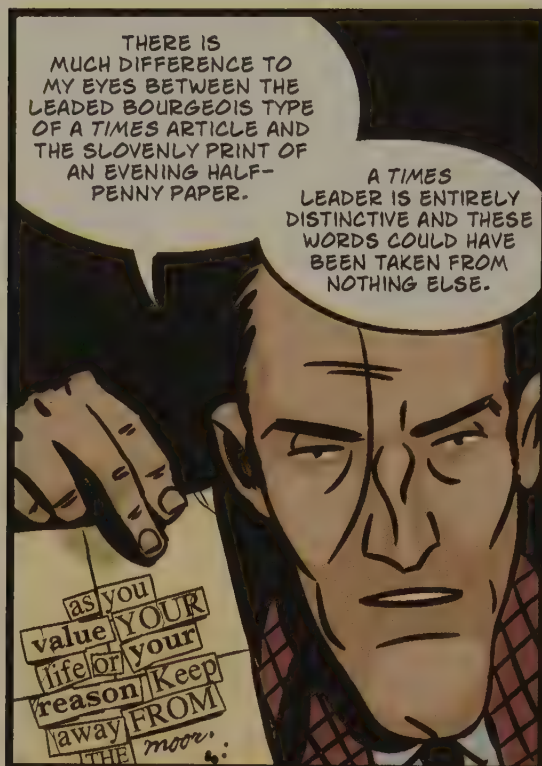




SIR HENRY BASKERVILLE



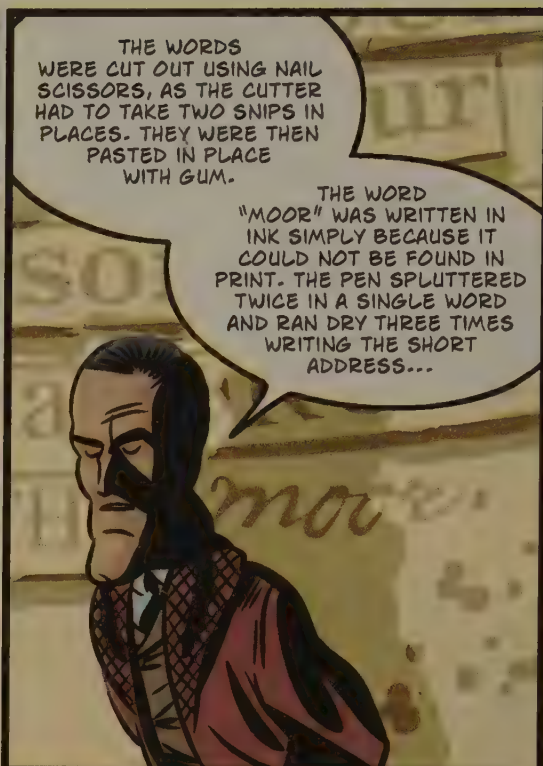




THERE IS MUCH DIFFERENCE TO MY EYES BETWEEN THE LEADED BOURGEOIS TYPE OF A TIMES ARTICLE AND THE SLOVENLY PRINT OF AN EVENING HALF-PENNY PAPER.

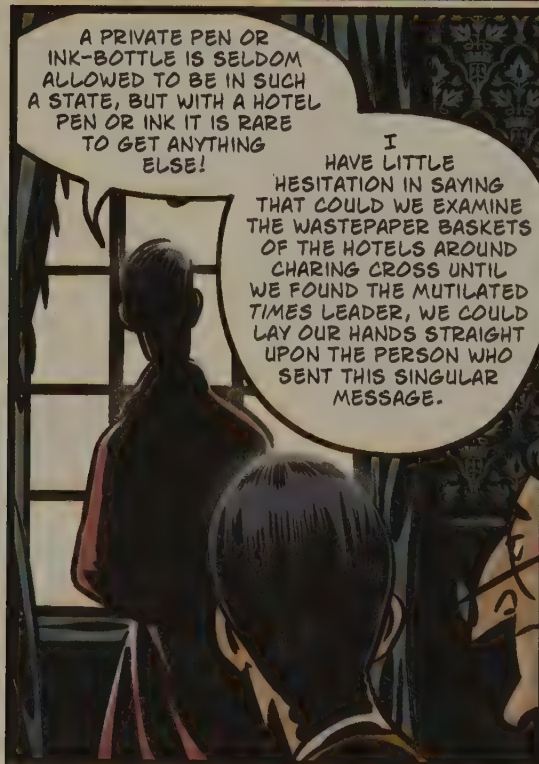
A TIMES LEADER IS ENTIRELY DISTINCTIVE AND THESE WORDS COULD HAVE BEEN TAKEN FROM NOTHING ELSE.

as you value YOUR life or your reason Keep away FROM THE moor.



THE WORDS WERE CUT OUT USING NAIL SCISSORS, AS THE CUTTER HAD TO TAKE TWO SNIPS IN PLACES. THEY WERE THEN PASTED IN PLACE WITH GUM.

THE WORD "MOOR" WAS WRITTEN IN INK SIMPLY BECAUSE IT COULD NOT BE FOUND IN PRINT. THE PEN SPLUTTERED TWICE IN A SINGLE WORD AND RAN DRY THREE TIMES WRITING THE SHORT ADDRESS...

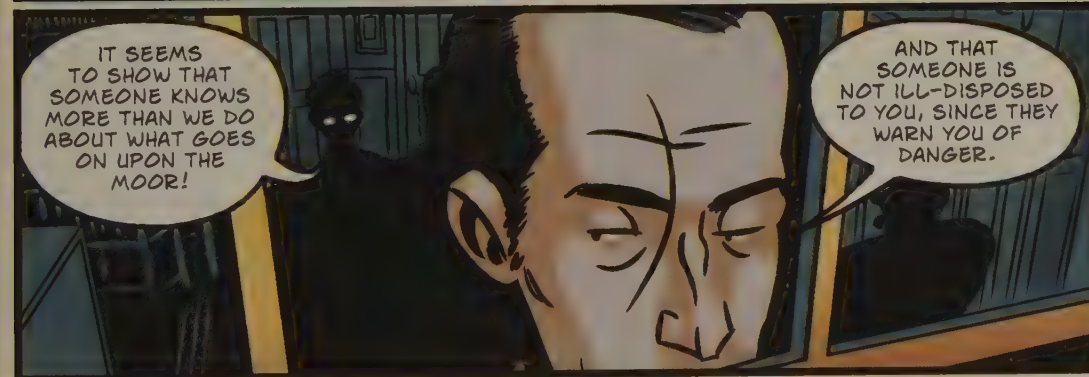


A PRIVATE PEN OR INK-BOTTLE IS SELDOM ALLOWED TO BE IN SUCH A STATE, BUT WITH A HOTEL PEN OR INK IT IS RARE TO GET ANYTHING ELSE!

I HAVE LITTLE HESITATION IN SAYING THAT COULD WE EXAMINE THE WASTEPAPER BASKETS OF THE HOTELS AROUND CHARING CROSS UNTIL WE FOUND THE MUTILATED TIMES LEADER, WE COULD LAY OUR HANDS STRAIGHT UPON THE PERSON WHO SENT THIS SINGULAR MESSAGE.



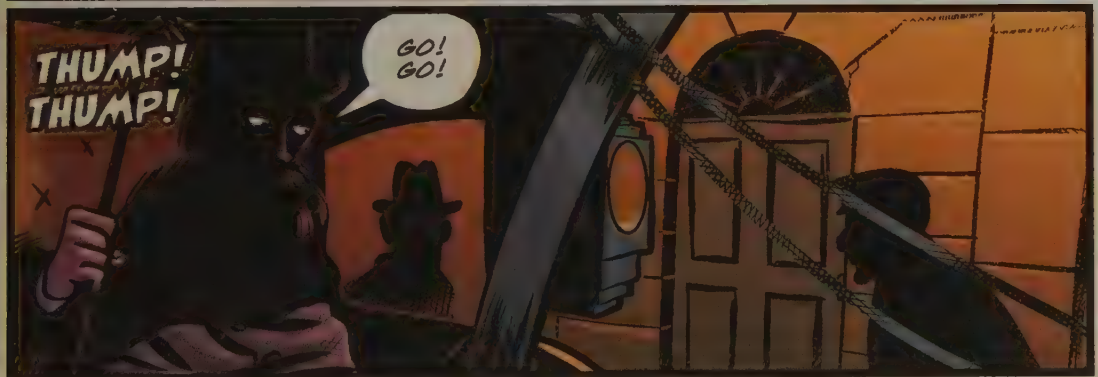
NOW, SIR HENRY, HAS ANYTHING ELSE OF INTEREST HAPPENED TO YOU SINCE YOU HAVE BEEN IN LONDON?

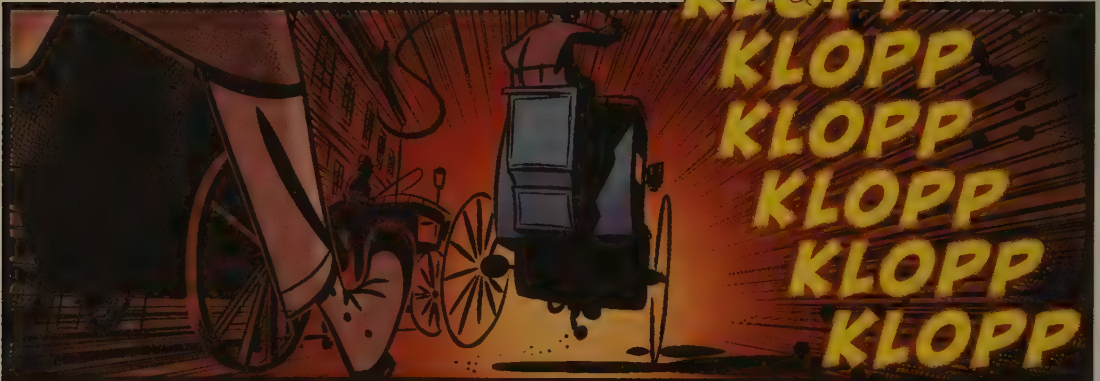


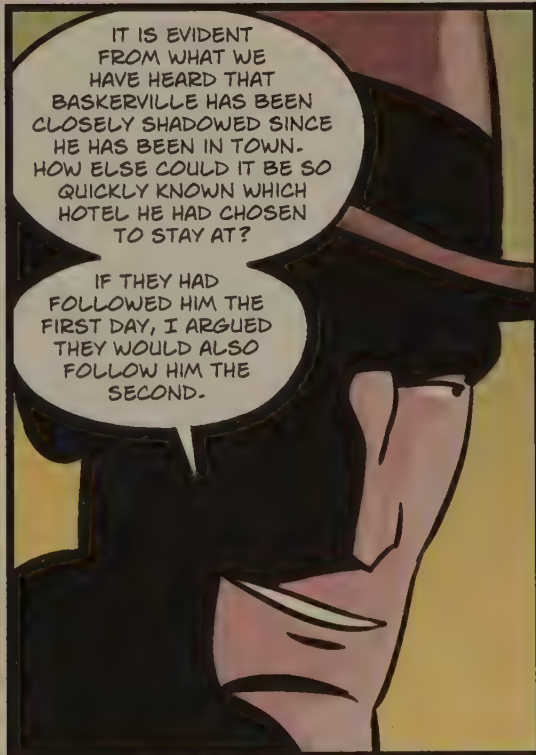
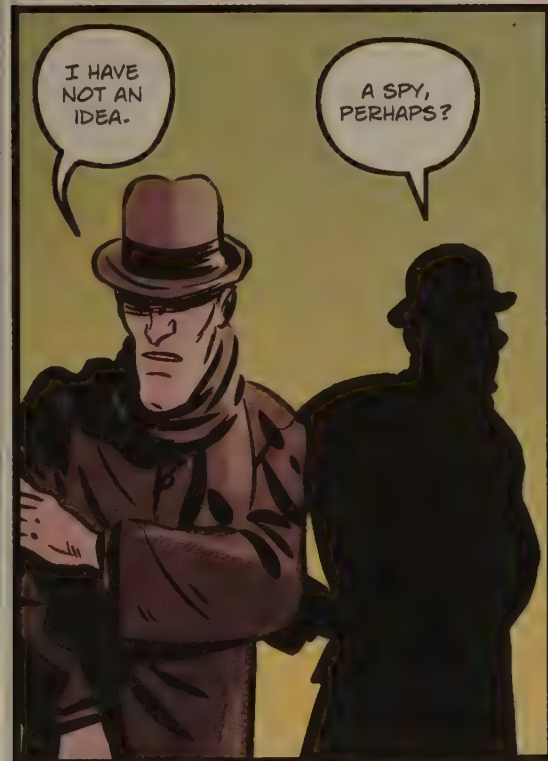


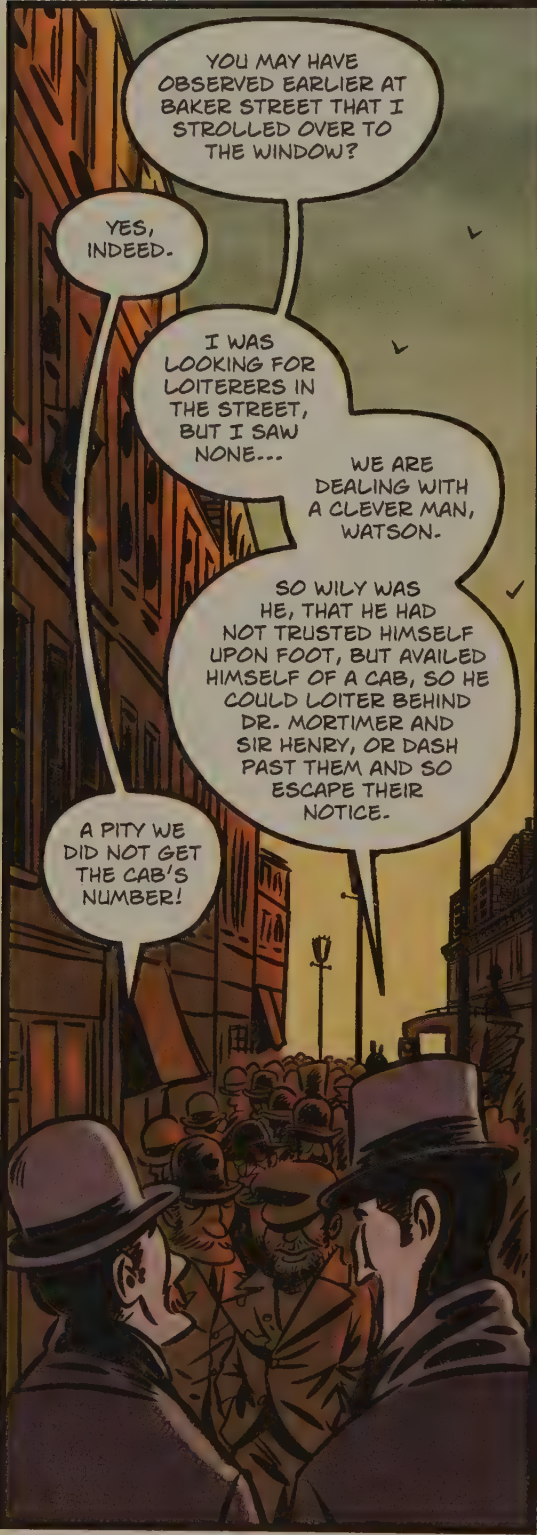












YOU MAY HAVE
OBSERVED EARLIER AT
BAKER STREET THAT I
STROLLED OVER TO
THE WINDOW?

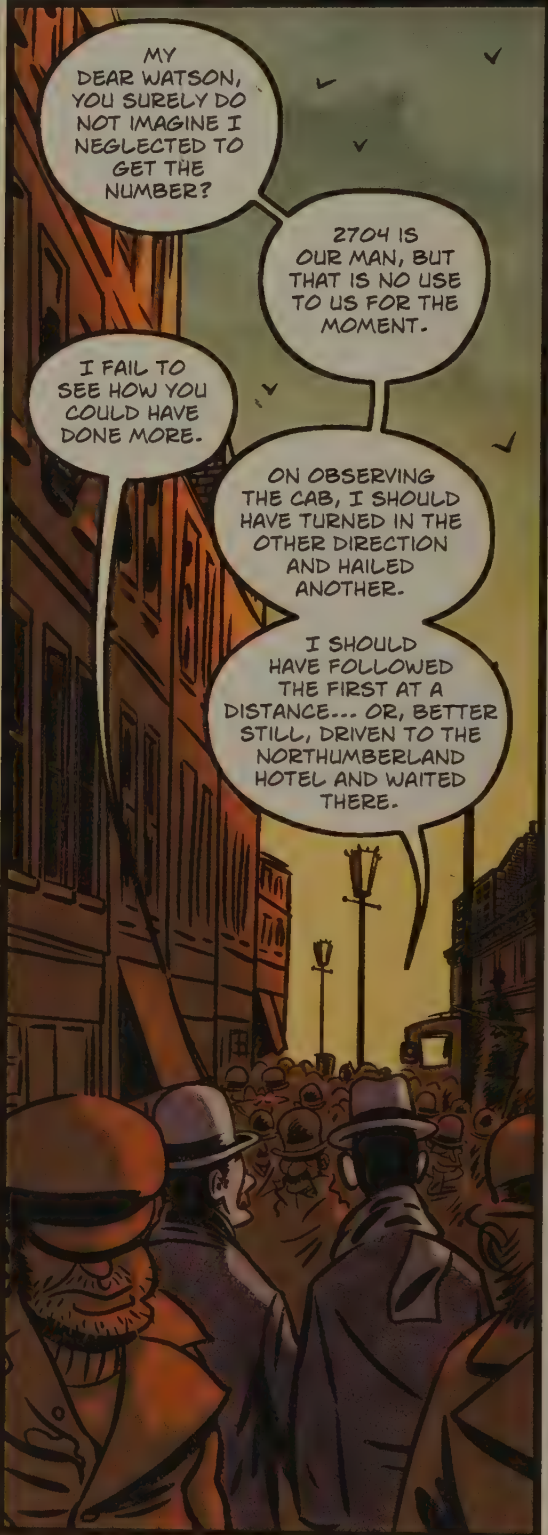
YES,
INDEED.

I WAS
LOOKING FOR
LOITERERS IN
THE STREET,
BUT I SAW
NONE...

WE ARE
DEALING WITH
A CLEVER MAN,
WATSON.

SO WILY WAS
HE, THAT HE HAD
NOT TRUSTED HIMSELF
UPON FOOT, BUT AVAILED
HIMSELF OF A CAB, SO HE
COULD LOITER BEHIND
DR. MORTIMER AND
SIR HENRY, OR DASH
PAST THEM AND SO
ESCAPE THEIR
NOTICE.

A PITY WE
DID NOT GET
THE CAB'S
NUMBER!



MY
DEAR WATSON,
YOU SURELY DO
NOT IMAGINE I
NEGLECTED TO
GET THE
NUMBER?

2704 IS
OUR MAN, BUT
THAT IS NO USE
TO US FOR THE
MOMENT.

I FAIL TO
SEE HOW YOU
COULD HAVE
DONE MORE.

ON OBSERVING
THE CAB, I SHOULD
HAVE TURNED IN THE
OTHER DIRECTION
AND HAILED
ANOTHER.

I SHOULD
HAVE FOLLOWED
THE FIRST AT A
DISTANCE... OR, BETTER
STILL, DRIVEN TO THE
NORTHUMBERLAND
HOTEL AND WAITED
THERE.



WHEN OUR UNKNOWN FOLLOWED BASKERVILLE HOME, WE SHOULD HAVE PLAYED HIS OWN GAME UPON HIMSELF, AND WATCHED WHERE HE MADE FOR.

AS IT IS, BY AN INDISCREET EAGERNESS WE HAVE BETRAYED OURSELVES AND LOST OUR MAN!

AND ALSO, IT SEEMS SIR HENRY AND DR. MORTIMER.

THERE IS NO OBJECT IN OUR FOLLOWING THEM. OUR SHADOW HAS DEPARTED. WE MUST SEE WHAT FURTHER CARDS WE HAVE IN OUR HANDS AND PLAY THEM WITH PRECISION!

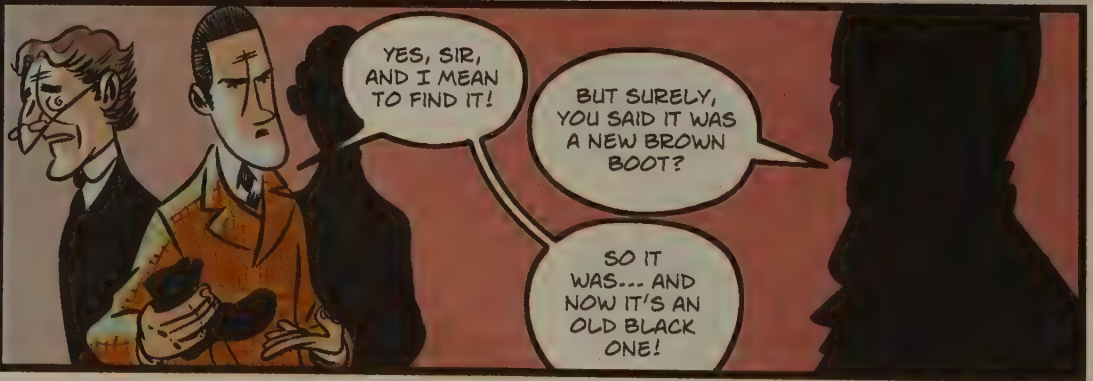
COULD YOU SWEAR TO THAT MAN'S FACE WITHIN THE CAB?

I COULD ONLY SWEAR TO THE BEARD.

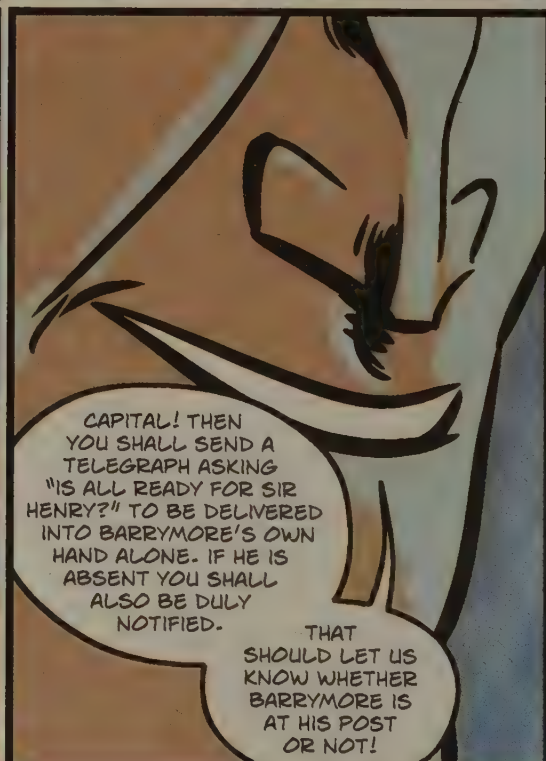
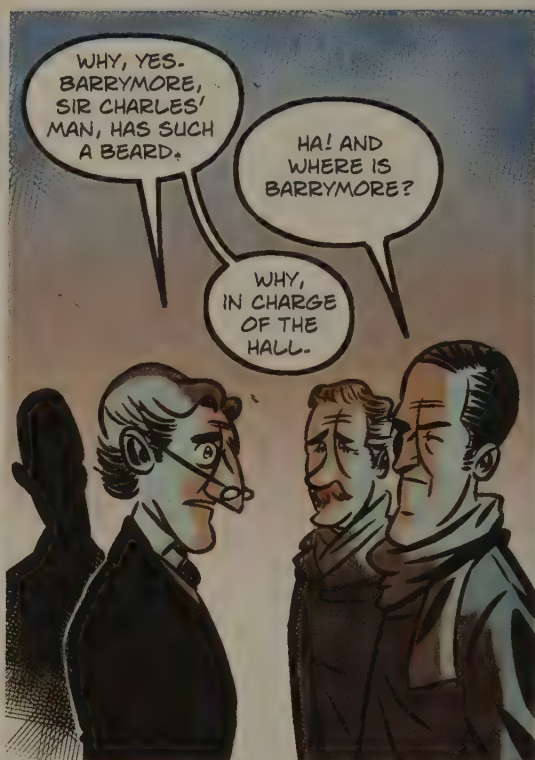
SO COULD I, AND IN ALL PROBABILITY IT WAS A FALSE ONE.

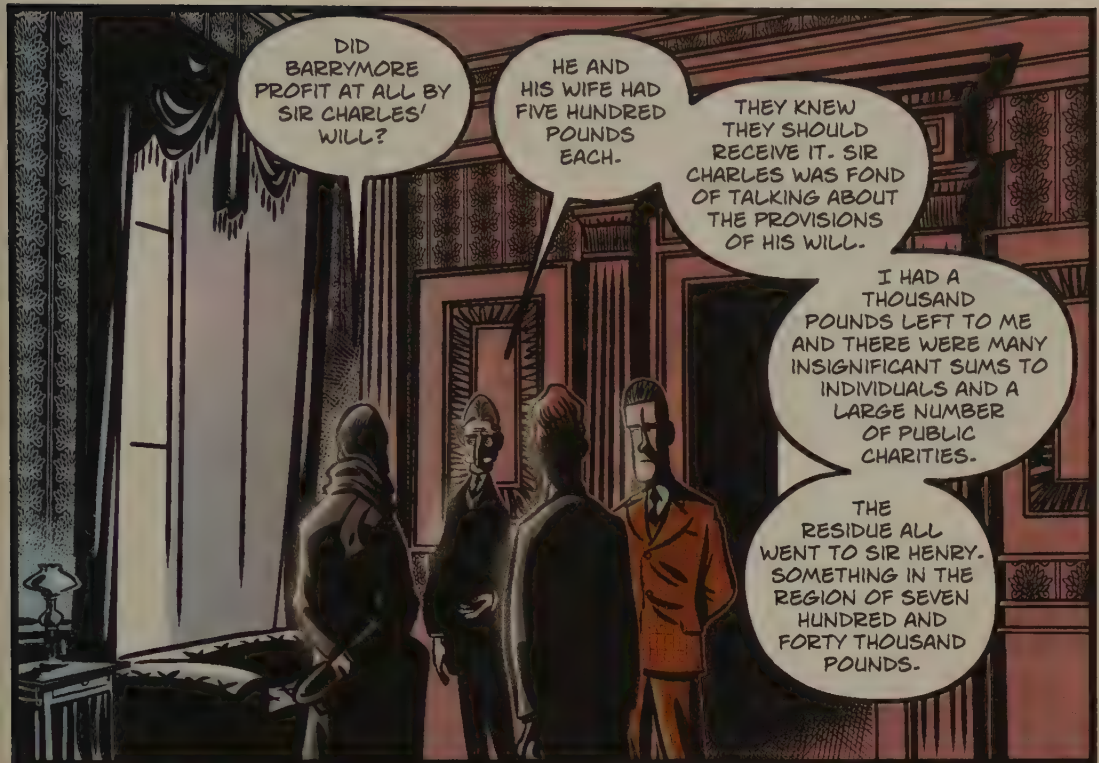
COME, WATSON, WE SHALL FIND OUT BY WIRE THE IDENTITY OF CABMAN NUMBER 2704, THEN FILL IN TIME AT ONE OF THE BOND STREET GALLERIES UNTIL WE ARE DUE AT THE HOTEL!

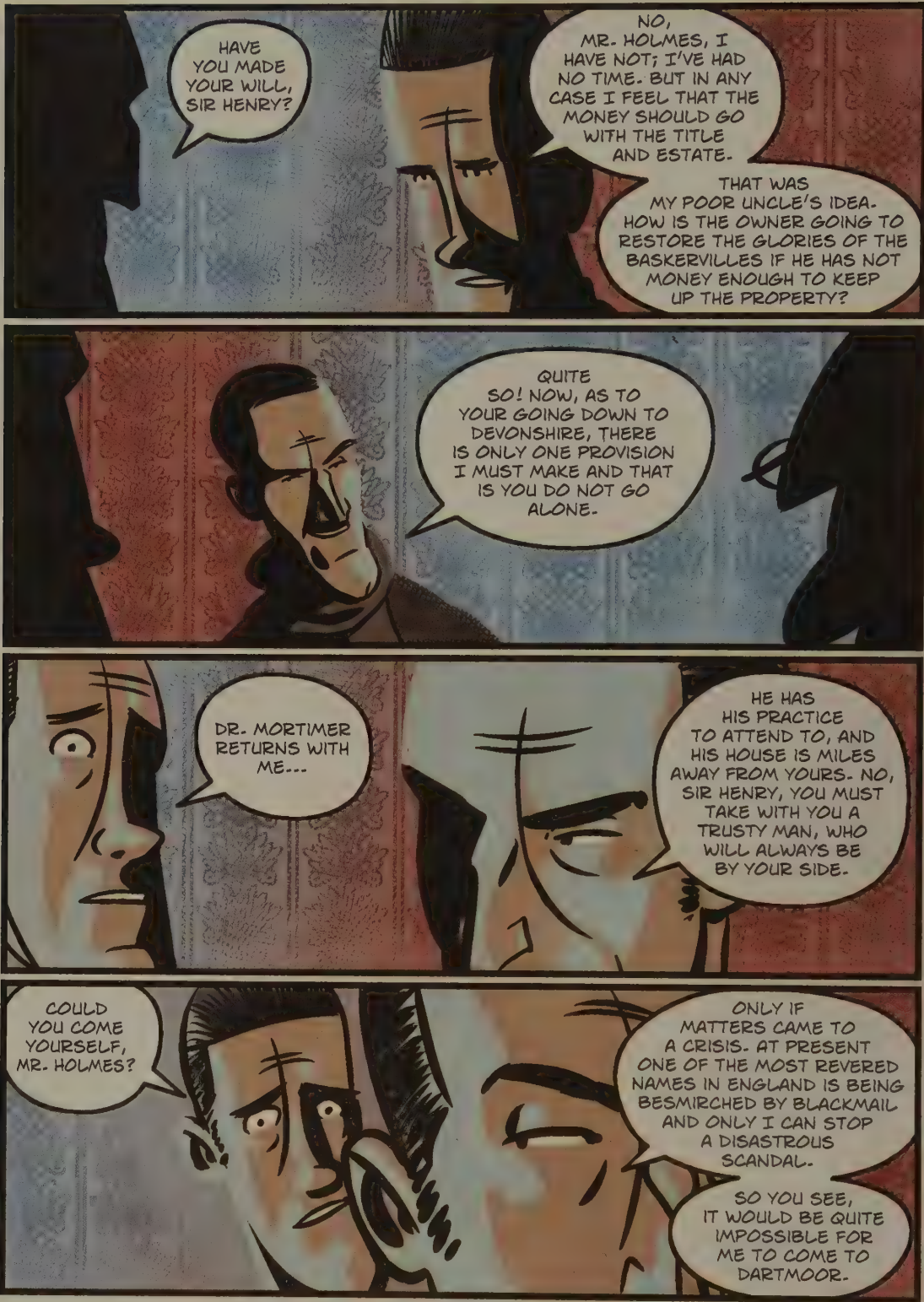
**THREE
BROKEN
THREADS**











HAVE
YOU MADE
YOUR WILL,
SIR HENRY?

NO,
MR. HOLMES, I
HAVE NOT; I'VE HAD
NO TIME. BUT IN ANY
CASE I FEEL THAT THE
MONEY SHOULD GO
WITH THE TITLE
AND ESTATE.

THAT WAS
MY POOR UNCLE'S IDEA.
HOW IS THE OWNER GOING TO
RESTORE THE GLORIES OF THE
BASKERVILLES IF HE HAS NOT
MONEY ENOUGH TO KEEP
UP THE PROPERTY?

QUITE
SO! NOW, AS TO
YOUR GOING DOWN TO
DEVONSHIRE, THERE
IS ONLY ONE PROVISION
I MUST MAKE AND THAT
IS YOU DO NOT GO
ALONE.

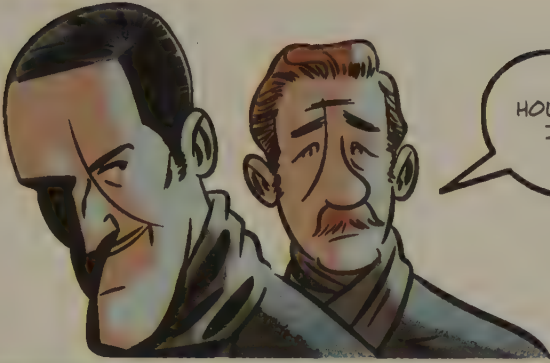
DR. MORTIMER
RETURNS WITH
ME...

HE HAS
HIS PRACTICE
TO ATTEND TO, AND
HIS HOUSE IS MILES
AWAY FROM YOURS. NO,
SIR HENRY, YOU MUST
TAKE WITH YOU A
TRUSTY MAN, WHO
WILL ALWAYS BE
BY YOUR SIDE.

COULD
YOU COME
YOURSELF,
MR. HOLMES?

ONLY IF
MATTERS CAME TO
A CRISIS. AT PRESENT
ONE OF THE MOST REVERED
NAMES IN ENGLAND IS BEING
BESMIRCHED BY BLACKMAIL
AND ONLY I CAN STOP
A DISASTROUS
SCANDAL.

SO YOU SEE,
IT WOULD BE QUITE
IMPOSSIBLE FOR
ME TO COME TO
DARTMOOR.



HOWEVER, IF MY FRIEND WOULD UNDERTAKE IT, THERE IS NO MAN WHO IS BETTER WORTH HAVING AT YOUR SIDE WHEN YOU ARE IN A TIGHT SPOT.

AND NO ONE CAN SAY THAT MORE CONFIDENTLY THAN I!

HOLMES, I...



WELL, NOW, THAT IS REAL KIND OF YOU, DR. WATSON. IF YOU'LL COME DOWN TO BASKERVILLE HALL AND SEE ME THROUGH THIS, I'LL NEVER FORGET IT!

I WILL COME WITH PLEASURE, SIR HENRY. I DON'T KNOW HOW I COULD EMPLOY MY TIME BETTER.

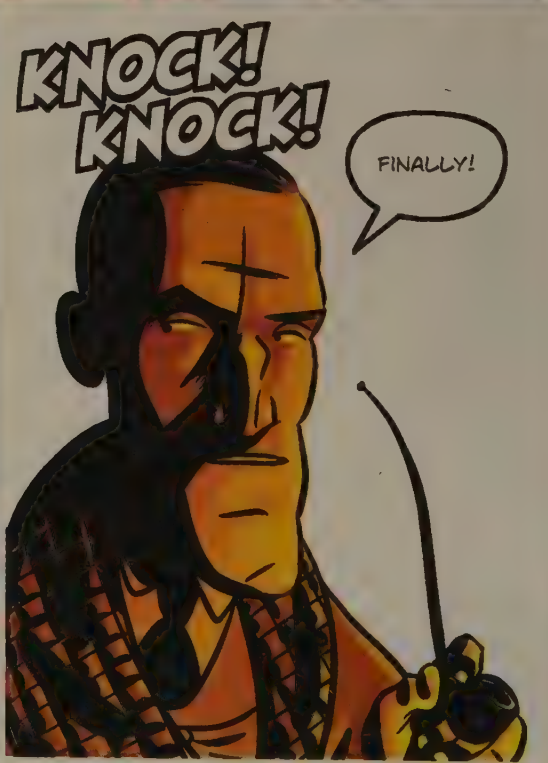
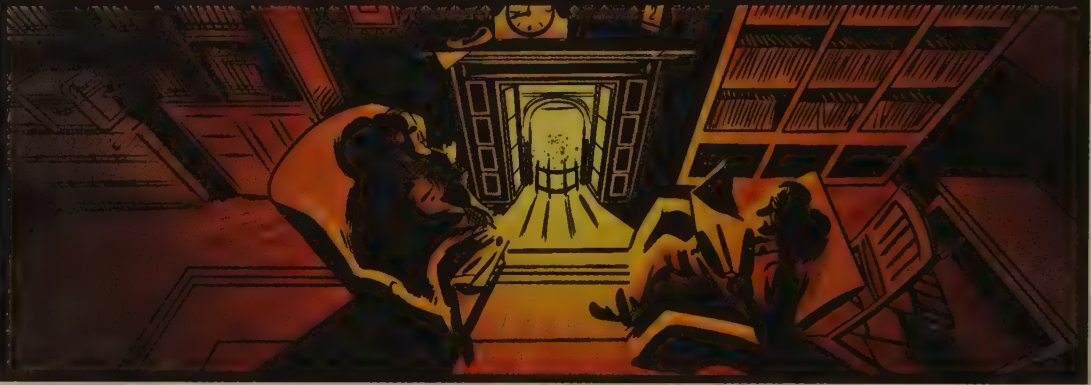
AND YOU WILL REPORT VERY CAREFULLY TO ME, FOR WHEN A CRISIS COMES, AS IT WILL DO, I WILL DIRECT YOU HOW TO ACT.

I SUPPOSE THAT BY SATURDAY ALL MIGHT BE READY?

PERFECTLY.



THEN ON SATURDAY, UNLESS YOU HEAR TO THE CONTRARY, WE SHALL MEET AT THE 10.30AM TRAIN FROM PADDINGTON!





SEVERAL
TELEGRAMS
HAVE JUST
ARRIVED FOR
YOU, MR.
HOLMES.

YES,
INDEED.
THANK YOU,
MRS. HUDSON!



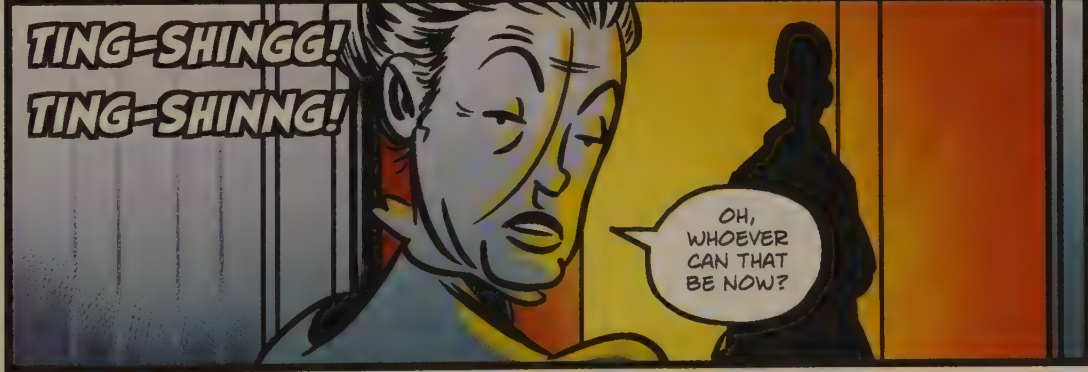
IT'S FROM
SIR HENRY.

"HAVE JUST
HEARD THAT
BARRYMORE IS
AT THE HALL-
BASKERVILLE."



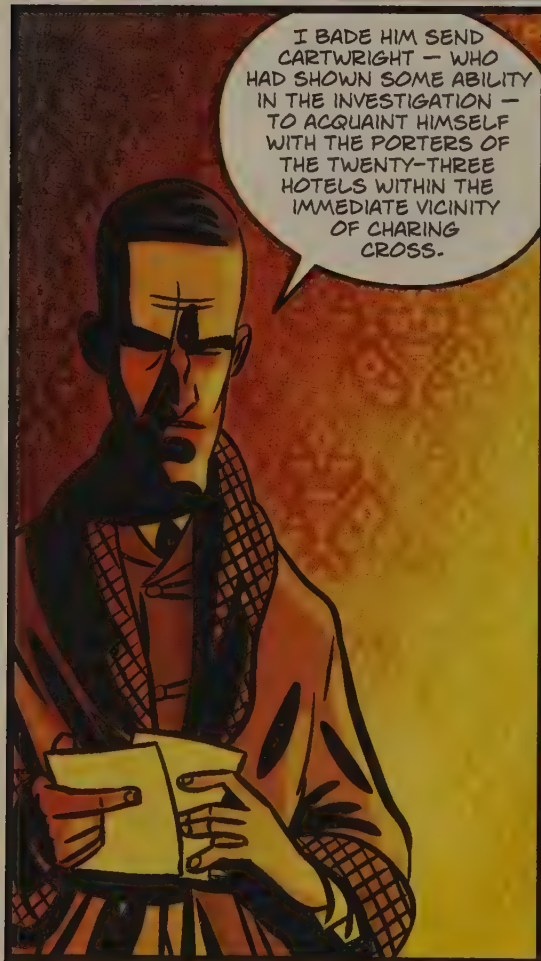
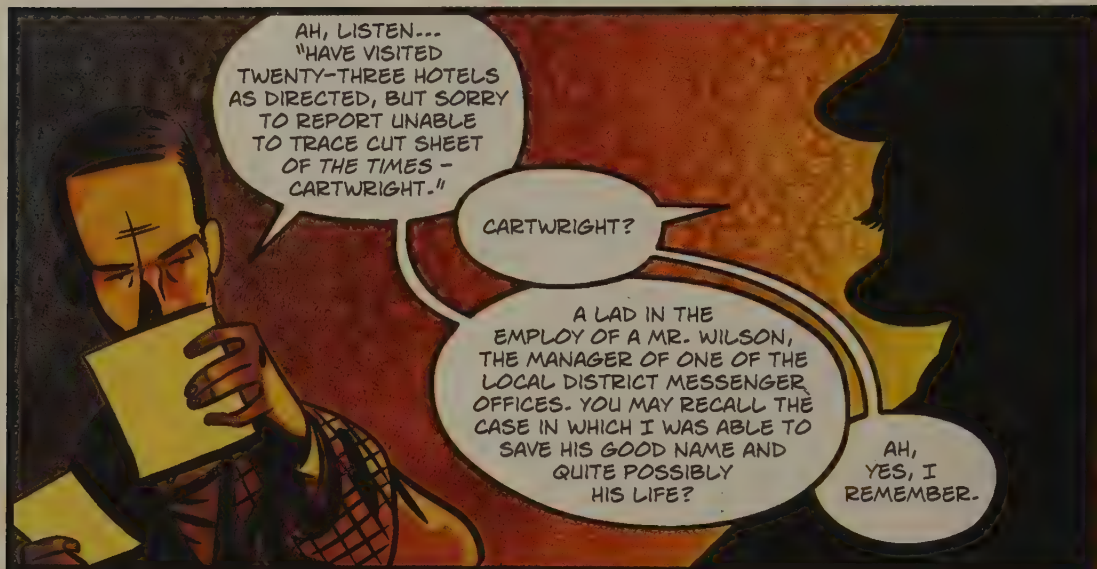
THERE
GOES ONE
THREAD,
WATSON!

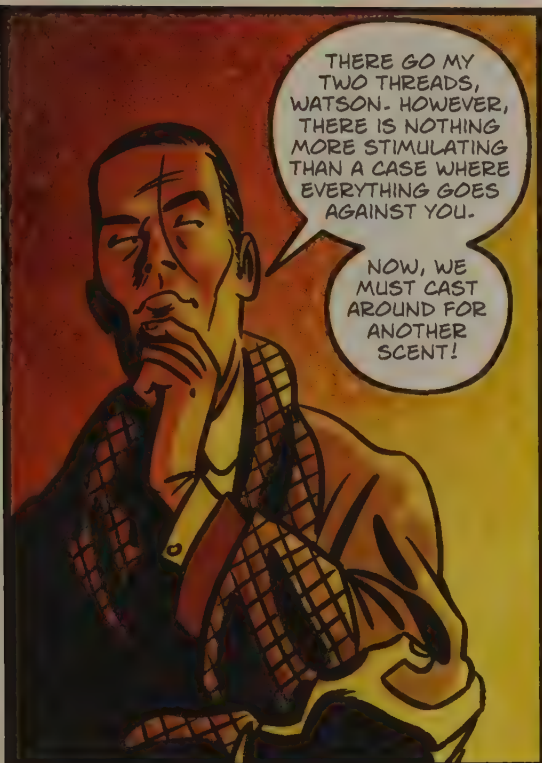
AND THE
OTHER?

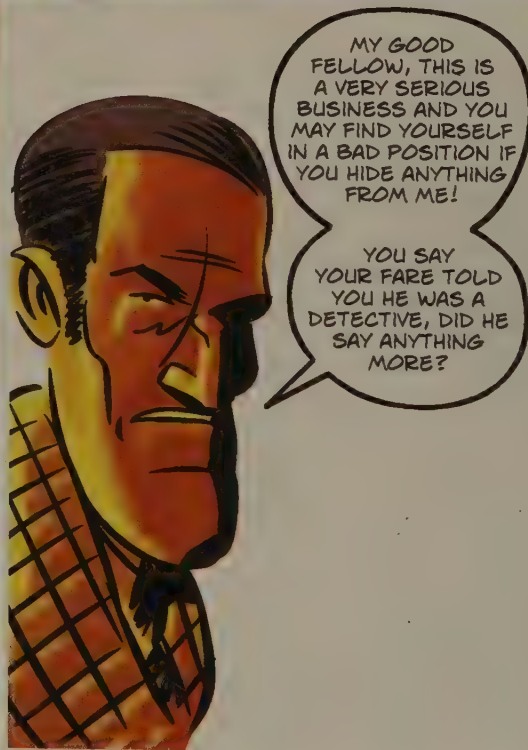


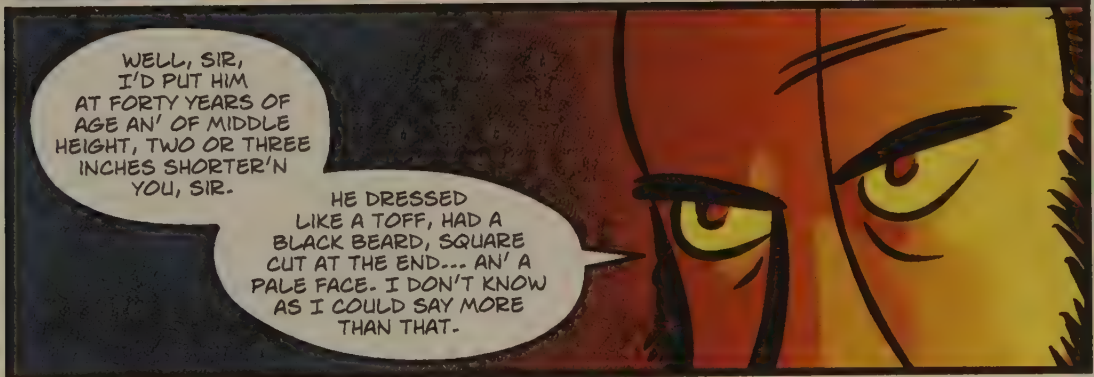
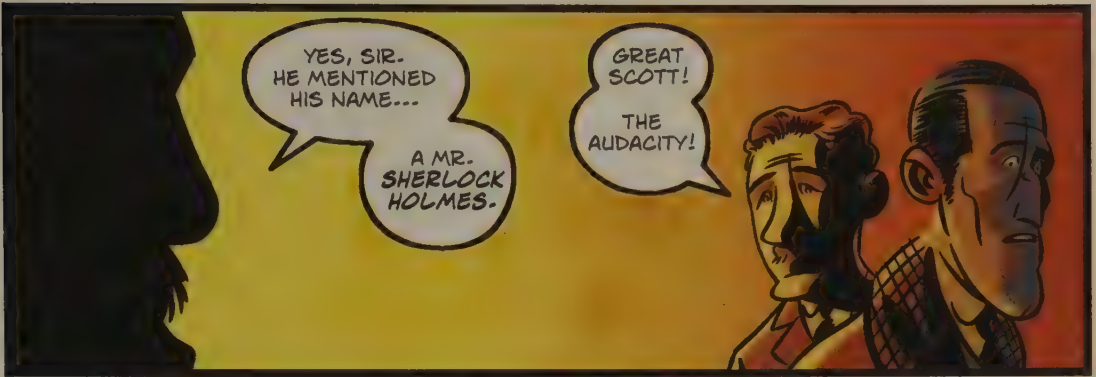
TING-SHINGG!
TING-SHINNG!

OH,
WHOEVER
CAN THAT
BE NOW?

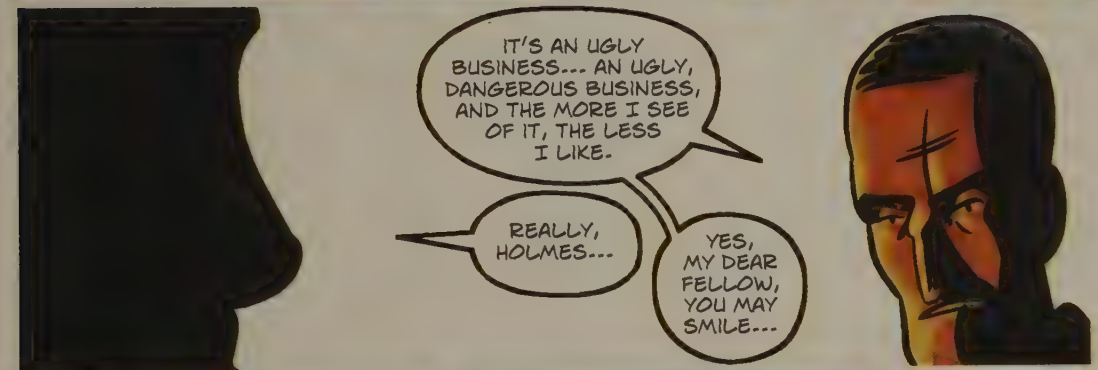
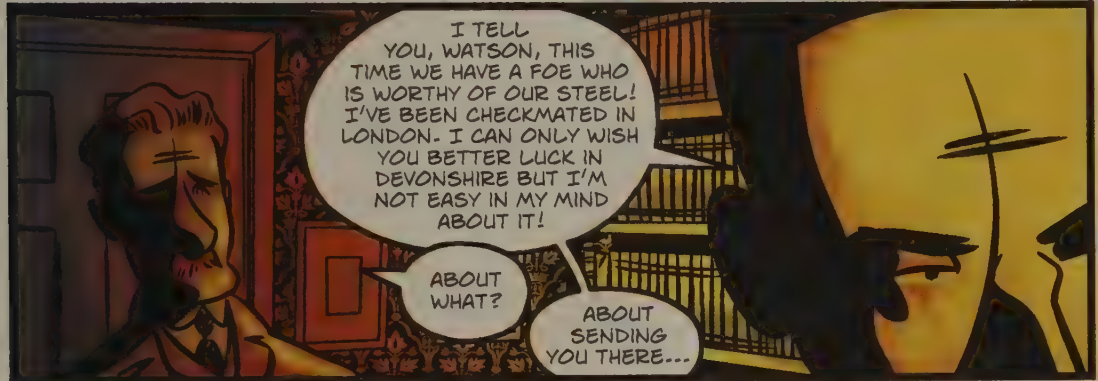












BASKERVILLE HALL

Y'KNOW,
I'VE BEEN OVER
A GOOD PART OF
THE WORLD SINCE
I LEFT HERE
DR. WATSON, BUT
I'VE NEVER SEEN
A PLACE THAT
COMPARES
TO THIS.

INDEED, I
NEVER SAW A
DEVONSHIRE MAN
WHO DID NOT
SWEAR BY
HIS COUNTY.

YOU WERE
VERY YOUNG
WHEN YOU LAST
SAW BASKERVILLE
HALL, WERE
YOU NOT?

I WAS
BARELY IN
MY TEENS AT THE
TIME OF MY FATHER'S
DEATH AND I LEFT FOR
AMERICA SHORTLY
AFTERWARDS. HE LIVED
IN A LITTLE COTTAGE
ON THE SOUTH COAST
SO I NEVER GOT
TO SEE THE
HALL.









HAS
SOMETHING
HAPPENED HERE,
PERKINS? WHAT'S
ALL THIS
ABOUT?

THERE'S A
CONVICT ESCAPED
FROM PRINCETOWN.
BEEN GONE THREE
DAYS NOW. THE
WARDERS WATCH
EVERY ROAD AN'
STATION BUT
THERE'S BEEN
NO SIGN
OF 'IM.

THERE'S
FIVE POUNDS FOR
ANYONE WHO'S GOT ANY
INFORMATION BUT IT'S A
POOR THING COMPARED
TO THE CHANCE OF
HAVIN' Y' THROAT
CUT!

THIS AIN'T
NO ORDINARY
CONVICT. THIS IS
A MAN WHO'D
STICK AT
NOTHIN'!



"NOW SOMEWHERE, ON THAT DESOLATE PLAIN, LURKS THIS FIENDISH MAN, HIDING IN A BURROW LIKE A WILD BEAST, HIS HEART FULL OF MALIGNANCY AGAINST THE WHOLE RACE WHICH CAST HIM OUT."

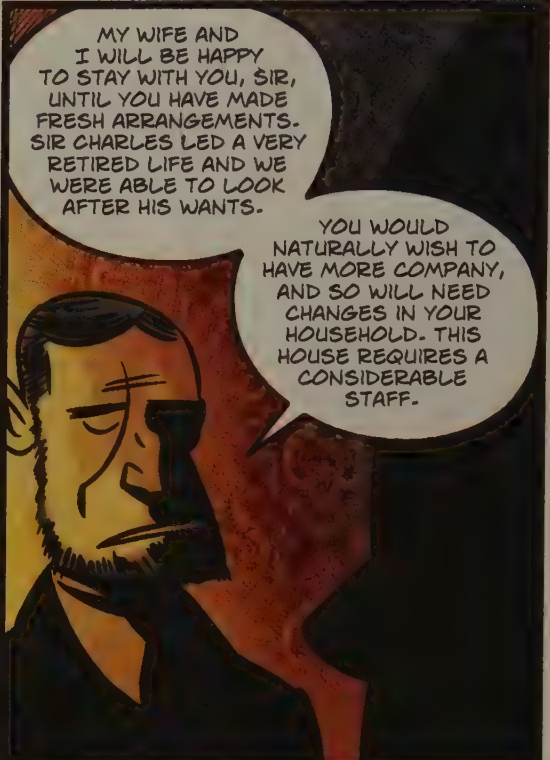








DINNER
WILL BE READY
IN A FEW MINUTES,
SIR. YOU WILL FIND
HOT WATER IN
YOUR ROOMS.



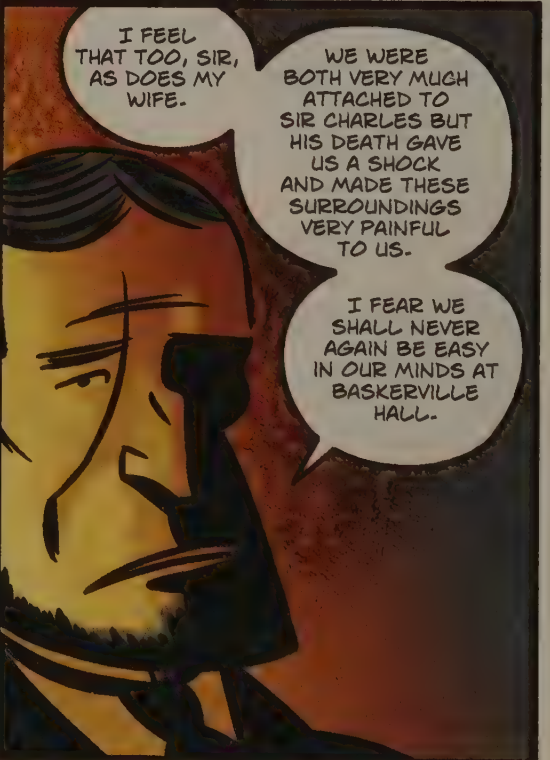
MY WIFE AND
I WILL BE HAPPY
TO STAY WITH YOU, SIR,
UNTIL YOU HAVE MADE
FRESH ARRANGEMENTS.
SIR CHARLES LED A VERY
RETIRED LIFE AND WE
WERE ABLE TO LOOK
AFTER HIS WANTS.

YOU WOULD
NATURALLY WISH TO
HAVE MORE COMPANY,
AND SO WILL NEED
CHANGES IN YOUR
HOUSEHOLD. THIS
HOUSE REQUIRES A
CONSIDERABLE
STAFF.



YOU MEAN YOU
AND YOUR WIFE WISH
TO LEAVE? BUT YOUR
FAMILY HAVE BEEN
WITH US FOR SEVERAL
GENERATIONS,
HAVEN'T THEY?

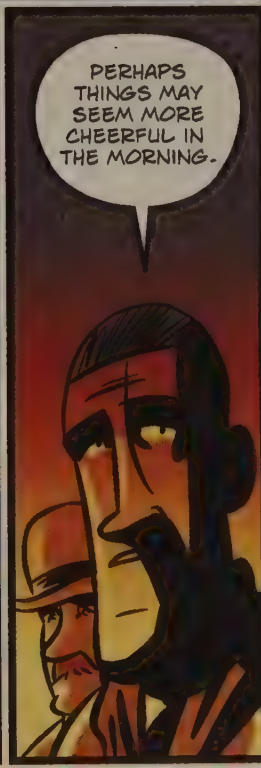
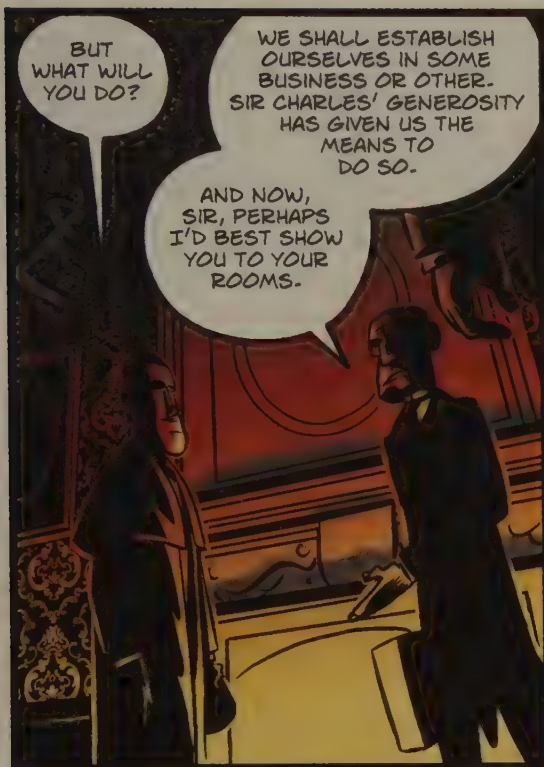
I'D
BE SORRY TO
BEGIN MY LIFE
HERE BY BREAKING
AN OLD FAMILY
CONNECTION.



I FEEL
THAT TOO, SIR,
AS DOES MY
WIFE.

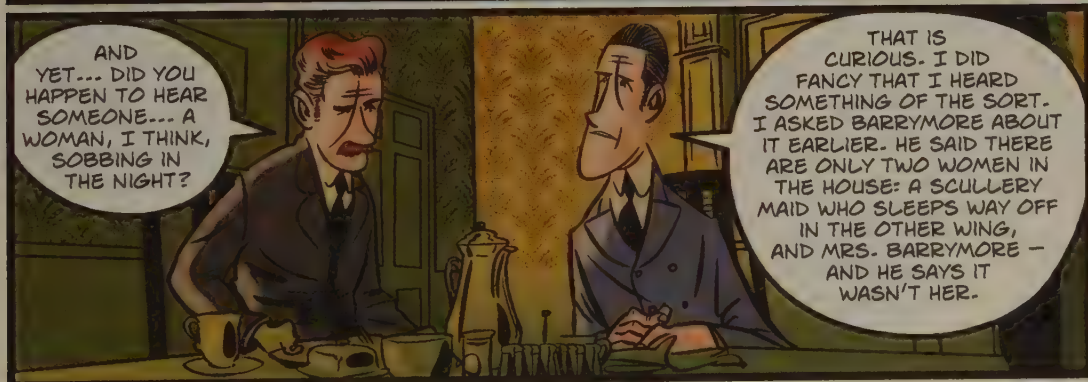
WE WERE
BOTH VERY MUCH
ATTACHED TO
SIR CHARLES BUT
HIS DEATH GAVE
US A SHOCK
AND MADE THESE
SURROUNDINGS
VERY PAINFUL
TO US.

I FEAR WE
SHALL NEVER
AGAIN BE EASY
IN OUR MINDS AT
BASKERVILLE
HALL.





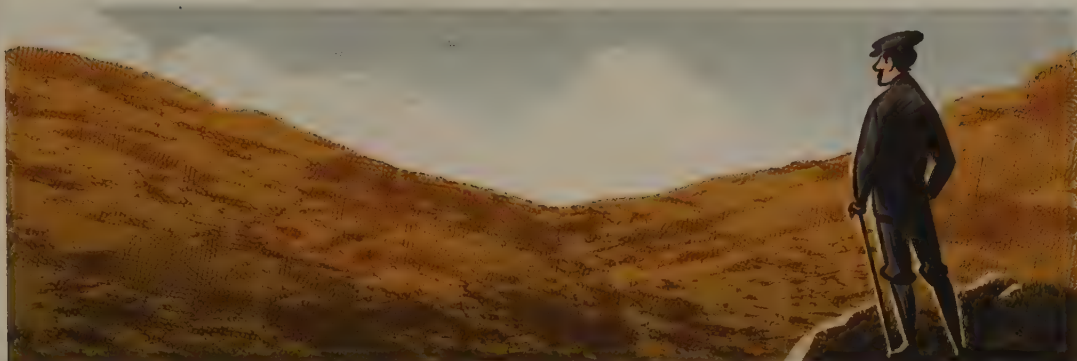
THE STAPLETONS OF MERRIPIT HOUSE

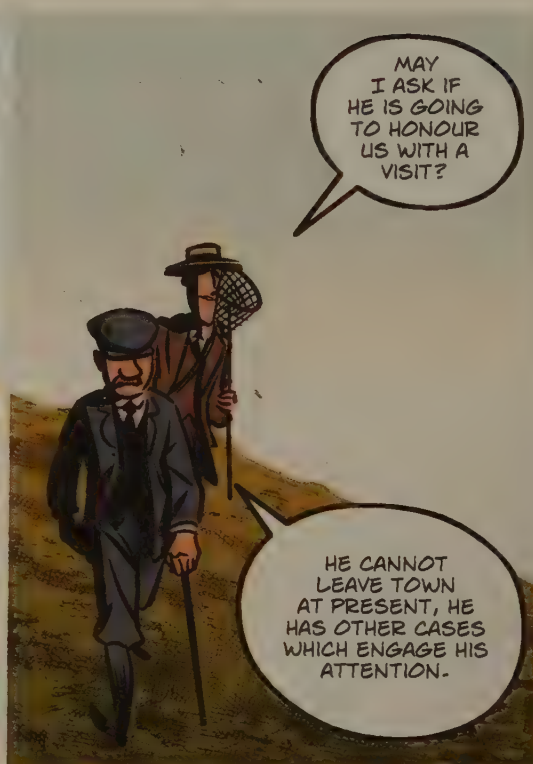




"AND FOLLOW IT WITH A SHORT EXCURSION ALONG THE EDGE OF THE MOOR."







I NEVER TIRE
OF THE MOOR. THE
WONDERFUL SECRETS
IT CONTAINS. IT IS SO
VAST, BARREN AND
MYSTERIOUS.

I HAVE ONLY
BEEN HERE TWO YEARS
BUT I HAVE EXPLORED
EVERY PART OF THE COUNTRY
AROUND HERE; THERE ARE
FEW MEN WHO KNOW
IT BETTER THAN I DO.

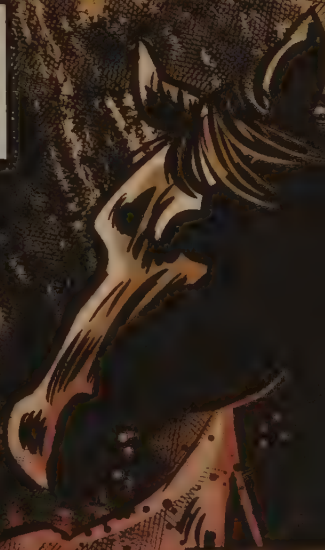


THERE, FOR
EXAMPLE. THE GREAT
PLAIN TO THE NORTH. DO
YOU OBSERVE ANYTHING
REMARKABLE
ABOUT IT?

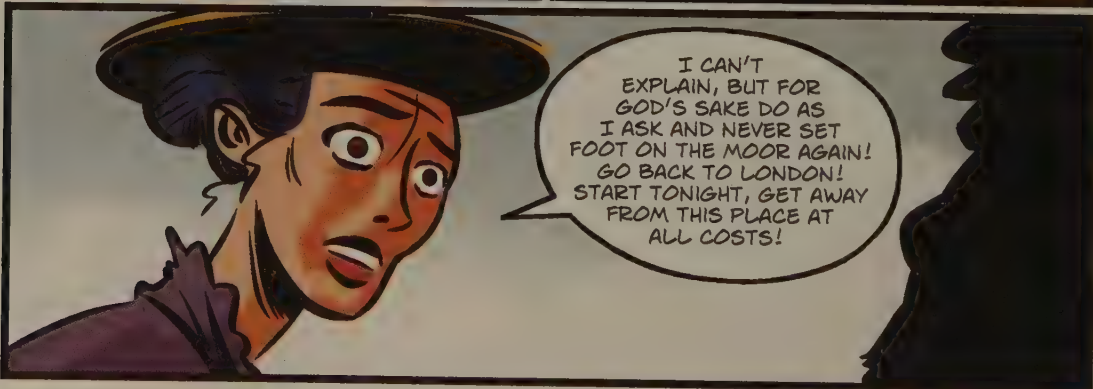
IT WOULD
BE A RARE PLACE
FOR A GALLOP!

AND THAT
THOUGHT HAS
COST FOLK THEIR
LIVES BEFORE
NOW!

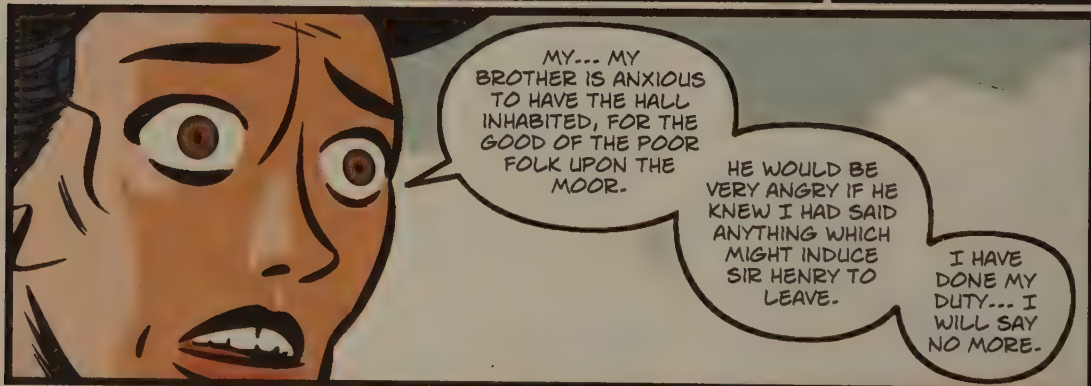
"THAT IS THE GREAT GRIMPEN
MIRE. A FALSE STEP MEANS
DEATH TO MAN OR BEAST.
ONLY YESTERDAY I SAW ONE
OF THE MOOR PONIES WANDER
INTO IT--- HE NEVER CAME OUT."



"I SAW HIS HEAD FOR A LONG TIME,
CRANING OUT OF THE BOG-HOLE BUT
IT SUCKED HIM DOWN AT LAST. YET,
THERE ARE ONE OR TWO PATHS BY
WHICH THE MIRE CAN BE TRAVERSED
AND I HAVE FOUND THEM OUT."







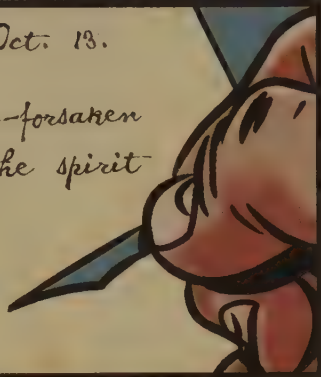
FIRST REPORT OF DR. WATSON

Baskerville Hall, Oct. 13.

My Dear Holmes,

The longer one stays here in this God-forsaken corner of the world, the more does the spirit of the moor sink into one's soul.

But I digress....

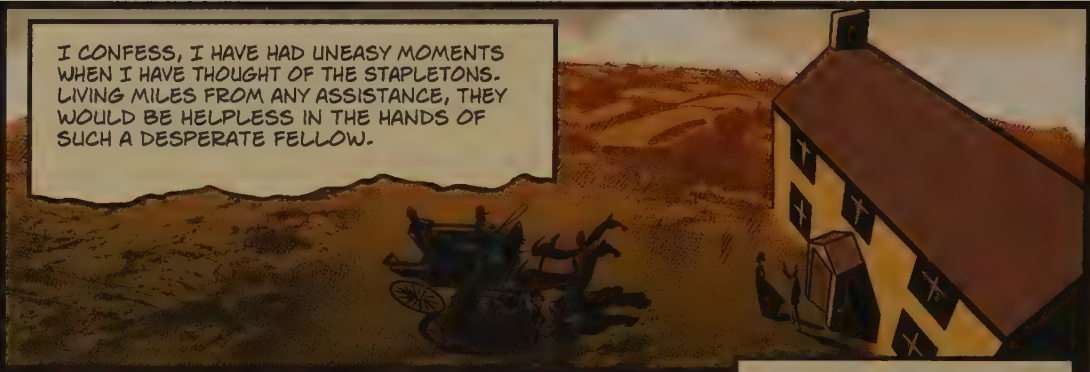


SEVERAL INCIDENTS HAVE OCCURRED OF LATE, NOT LEAST OF WHICH IS THE BELIEF THAT THE MURDERER, SELDEN, HAS GOT AWAY.

A FORTNIGHT HAS PASSED SINCE HIS FLIGHT, DURING WHICH HE HAS NOT BEEN SEEN NOR HEARD OF.



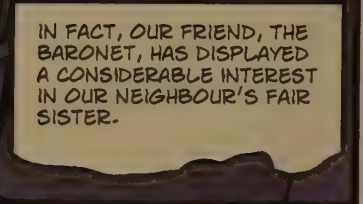
IT IS INCONCEIVABLE THAT HE HELD OUT UPON THE MOOR ALL THAT TIME. WE THINK THEREFORE THAT HE HAS GONE.



I CONFESS, I HAVE HAD UNEASY MOMENTS WHEN I HAVE THOUGHT OF THE STAPLETONS. LIVING MILES FROM ANY ASSISTANCE, THEY WOULD BE HELPLESS IN THE HANDS OF SUCH A DESPERATE FELLOW.



SIR HENRY SUGGESTED THAT PERKINS, THE GROOM, SHOULD STAY WITH THEM BUT STAPLETON WOULD NOT HEAR OF IT.



IN FACT, OUR FRIEND, THE BARONET, HAS DISPLAYED A CONSIDERABLE INTEREST IN OUR NEIGHBOUR'S FAIR SISTER.



THERE IS SOMETHING TROPICAL AND EXOTIC ABOUT HER, IN SINGULAR CONTRAST TO HER COOL AND UNEMOTIONAL BROTHER.



AND YET I SUSPECT HE HAS HIDDEN FIRES.

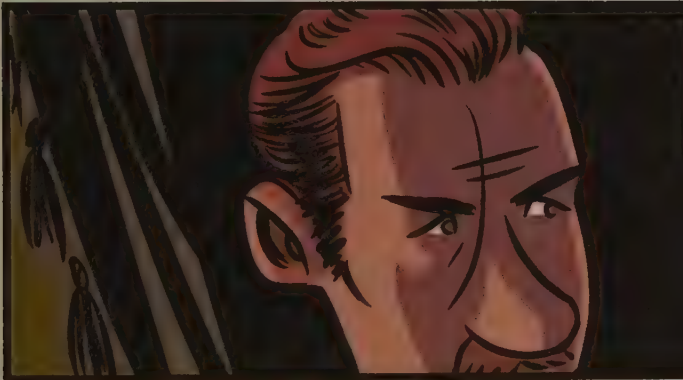


ONE WOULD IMAGINE THAT STAPLETON WOULD WELCOME SUCH A MATCH...

YET I HAVE MORE THAN ONCE CAUGHT A LOOK OF THE STRONGEST DISAPPROBATION ON HIS FACE WHEN SIR HENRY HAS PAID ATTENTION TO HIS SISTER.



I AM CERTAIN HE DOES NOT WISH THEIR INTIMACY TO RIPEN, AND HAS TAKEN PAINS TO PREVENT THEM FROM BEING TÊTE-À-TÊTE.



YOUR INSTRUCTIONS NEVER TO ALLOW SIR HENRY TO GO OUT ALONE WILL PROVE ONEROUS IF A LOVE AFFAIR WERE ADDED TO OUR DIFFICULTIES.

MY POPULARITY WOULD SOON SUFFER WERE I TO CARRY OUT YOUR ORDERS TO THE LETTER.



ONE OTHER NEIGHBOUR I HAVE MET SINCE I WROTE LAST IS MR. FRANKLAND, OF LAFTER HALL, WHO LIVES FOUR MILES TO THE SOUTH OF US.

HE IS AN ELDERLY, RED-FACED GENTLEMAN, WITH A PASSION FOR BRITISH LAW, AND HAS SPENT A LARGE FORTUNE IN LITIGATION.

THIS ASIDE, HE SEEMS A KINDLY AND GOOD-NATURED PERSON.



HE'S AN AMATEUR ASTRONOMER AND OWNS AN EXCELLENT TELESCOPE WITH WHICH HE SWEEPS THE MOOR IN THE HOPE OF CATCHING A GLIMPSE OF THE ESCAPED CONVICT!

HOWEVER, AS I CLOSE, LET ME TELL YOU MORE ABOUT THE BARRYMORES AND LAST NIGHT'S SURPRISING DEVELOPMENTS.



MRS. BARRYMORE IS A HEAVY, SOLID PERSON, VERY LIMITED, INTENSELY RESPECTABLE AND INCLINED TO BE PURITANICAL. YOU COULD HARDLY CONCEIVE A LESS EMOTIONAL SUBJECT.



ON THE FIRST NIGHT HERE, I HEARD A WOMAN SOBBING. SINCE THEN I HAVE MORE THAN ONCE OBSERVED TRACES OF TEARS UPON MRS. BARRYMORE'S FACE.

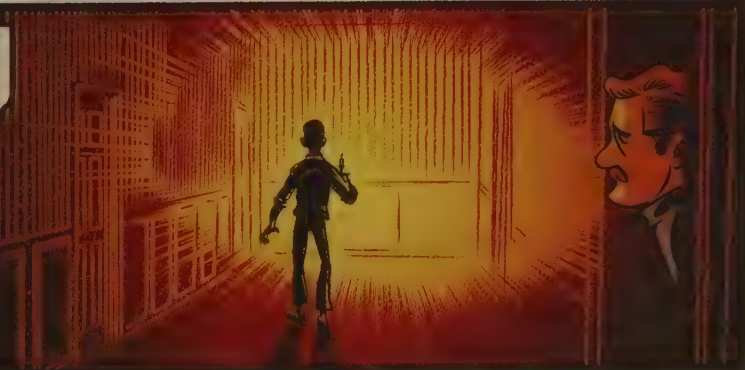
SOME DEEP SORROW GNAWS EVER AT HER HEART. SOMETIMES I WONDER IF SHE HAS A GUILTY MEMORY WHICH HAUNTS HER...

I SUSPECT BARRYMORE OF BEING A DOMESTIC TYRANT. THERE IS SOMETHING QUESTIONABLE IN HIS CHARACTER, AND THE ADVENTURE OF LAST NIGHT BRINGS ALL MY SUSPICIONS TO A HEAD.



ABOUT TWO IN THE MORNING, I WAS AWOKEN BY A STEALTHY STEP PASSING BY MY ROOM.

IT WAS BARRYMORE, AND THERE WAS SOMETHING INDESCRIBABLY GUILTY AND FURTIVE IN HIS APPEARANCE.





BARRYMORE WAS CROUCHING AT A WINDOW, STARING OUT AT THE BLACKNESS OF THE MOOR. FOR SOME MINUTES HE STOOD, WATCHING INTENTLY.

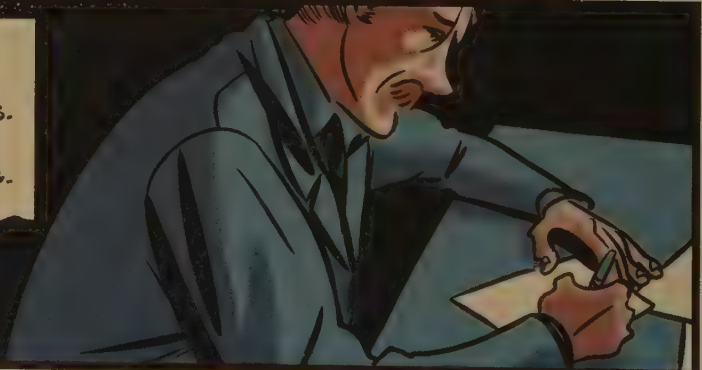


THEN HE GAVE A DEEP GROAN AND WITH AN IMPATIENT GESTURE HE PUT OUT THE LIGHT.



THERE IS SOME SECRET BUSINESS GOING ON HERE IN THIS HOUSE OF GLOOM.

I HAVE SPOKEN TO SIR HENRY THIS MORNING, AND WE HAVE MADE A PLAN OF CAMPAIGN, FOUNDED UPON MY OBSERVATIONS. I WILL NOT SPEAK OF IT NOW, BUT IT SHOULD MAKE MY NEXT REPORT INTERESTING READING.



THE LIGHT UPON THE MOOR

(SECOND REPORT OF DR. WATSON)

Baskerville Hall, Oct. 15

My Dear Holmes,
If I was compelled to leave you without much news during the first days of my mission, I am clearly making up for lost time as events are crowding thick and fast upon us.

SIR HENRY MEANS TO SPARE NO EXPENSE IN RESTORING THE GRANDEUR OF HIS FAMILY.

THERE HAVE BEEN DECORATORS AND FURNISHERS UP FROM PLYMOUTH AND A CONTRACTOR FROM LONDON.

WITH THE HOUSE REFURBISHED, ALL HE WILL NEED IS A WIFE TO MAKE IT COMPLETE - AND, BETWEEN OURSELVES, THERE ARE SIGNS THIS WILL NOT BE WANTING IF THE LADY IS WILLING.



BUT MY CONSCIENCE
SOON REPROACHED ME.
I SOUGHT TO OVER-
TAKE HIM AND MADE
AT ONCE FOR
MERRIPIT HOUSE.



I MOUNTED A HILL FROM
WHICH I COULD COMMAND
A VIEW, AND THERE I SAW
SIR HENRY AND MISS
STAPLETON DEEPLY
ABSORBED IN CONVERSATION.



TO SPY UPON A FRIEND
IS A HATEFUL TASK BUT
I COULD SEE NO
BETTER COURSE.

SIR HENRY SUDDENLY
DREW MISS STAPLETON
TO HIM BUT SHE
PROTESTED.



NEXT MOMENT, I
SAW STAPLETON
RUNNING WILDLY
TOWARDS THEM.

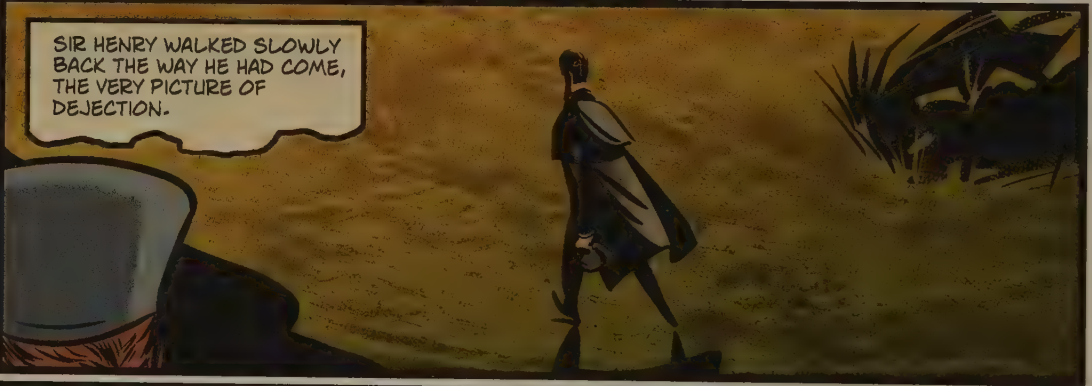




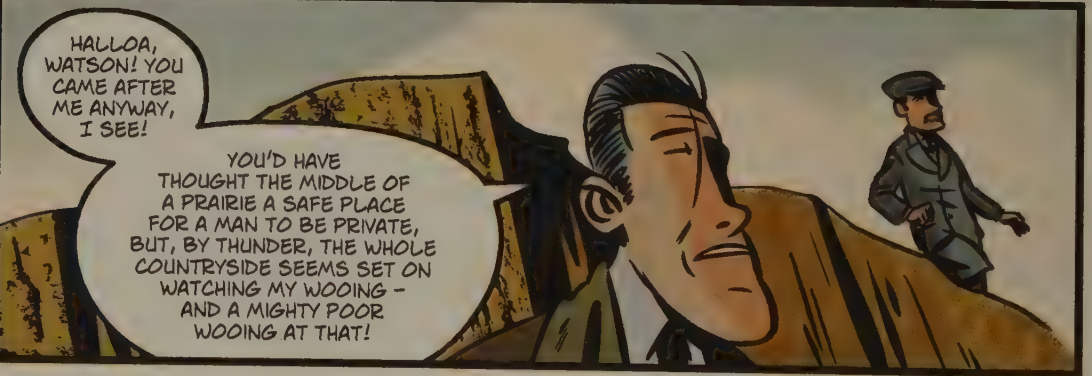
STAPLETON VERBALLY ABUSED SIR HENRY, WHO OFFERED EXPLANATIONS BUT THEN BECAME ANGRY HIMSELF WHEN THE OTHER REFUSED TO ACCEPT THEM.



FINALLY STAPLETON TURNED ON HIS HEEL AND LED HIS SISTER AWAY. HIS ANGRY GESTURES SHOWED THE LADY, TOO, WAS INCLUDED IN HIS DISPLEASURE.

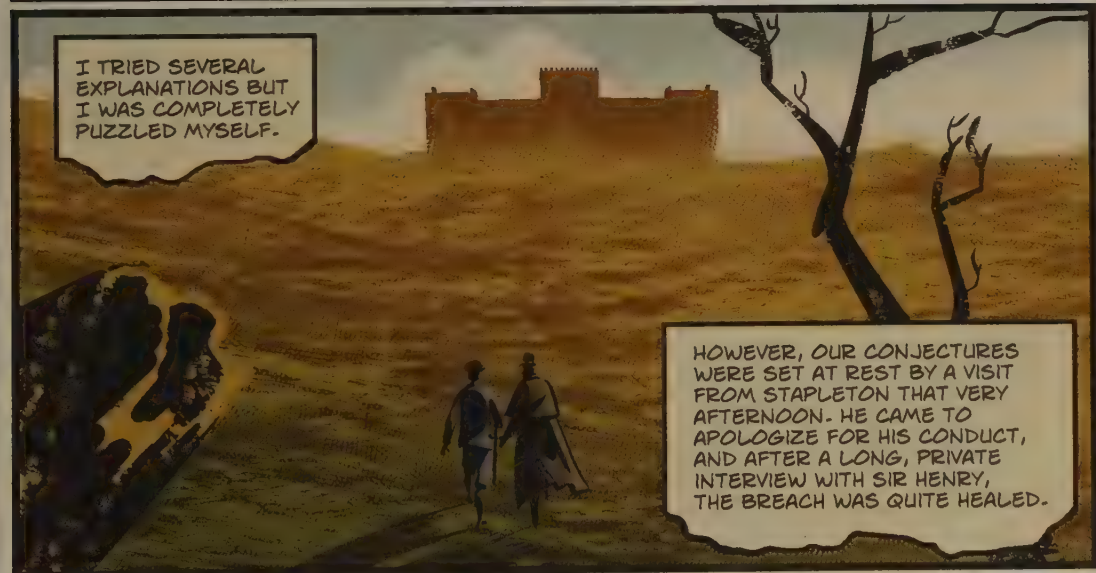


SIR HENRY WALKED SLOWLY BACK THE WAY HE HAD COME, THE VERY PICTURE OF DEJECTION.



HALLOA, WATSON! YOU CAME AFTER ME ANYWAY, I SEE!

YOU'D HAVE THOUGHT THE MIDDLE OF A PRAIRIE A SAFE PLACE FOR A MAN TO BE PRIVATE, BUT, BY THUNDER, THE WHOLE COUNTRYSIDE SEEMS SET ON WATCHING MY WOOLING - AND A MIGHTY POOR WOOLING AT THAT!



NOW I PASS ON TO ANOTHER THREAD. THE MYSTERY OF THE SOBS IN THE NIGHT, THE TEAR-STAINED MRS. BARRYMORE AND THE SECRET JOURNEY OF THE BUTLER TO THE WESTERN WINDOW!

IT WAS A MELANCHOLY VIGIL. THE HOURS CRAWLED BY. WE HAD ALMOST GIVEN UP WHEN WE HEARD A CREAK OUT IN THE PASSAGE...

WE HAD ARRANGED NO PLAN OF CAMPAIGN, BUT SIR HENRY IS A MAN TO WHOM DIRECT ACTION IS THE MOST NATURAL COURSE.

WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE, BARRYMORE?

WHY, I BELIEVE HE'S BEEN USING THE CANDLE AS A SIGNAL!

THERE! SEE, THE OTHER MOVES ALSO!

SPEAK, YOU RASCAL! WHO IS YOUR CONFEDERATE OUT YONDER?

YOUR FAMILY HAS LIVED WITH MINE FOR OVER A HUNDRED YEARS UNDER THIS ROOF, AND NOW I FIND YOU DEEP IN SOME DARK PLOT AGAINST ME!

IT IS MY DOING! JOHN HAS DONE NOTHING EXCEPT FOR MY SAKE!

MY BROTHER IS STARVING ON THE MOOR. WE CAN'T LET HIM PERISH AT OUR GATES. THE LIGHT IS A SIGNAL TO HIM THAT FOOD IS READY.

THEN
YOUR
BROTHER
IS...

SELDEN,
THE ESCAPED
CONVICT.

TO ME HE WAS
ALWAYS THE CURLY-
HAired BOY I
HAD CARED FOR AND
PLAYED WITH AS
AN ELDER SISTER
WOULD.

"WE HUMOURED HIM TOO
MUCH AS A LAD, UNTIL HE CAME
TO THINK THE WORLD WAS MADE
FOR HIS PLEASURE AND HE COULD
DO ANYTHING HE LIKED IN IT. THEN
HE MET WICKED COMPANIONS AND
THE DEVIL ENTERED HIM. FROM
CRIME TO CRIME, HE SANK
LOWER AND LOWER!"



HE DRAGGED
HIMSELF HERE ONE
NIGHT, WARDERS AT
HIS HEELS. SO WE
TOOK HIM IN.

THEN YOU
RETURNED, SO HE
WENT OUT IN HIDING
ON THE MOOR.

I AM
AN HONEST
CHRISTIAN WOMAN,
SIR. THE BLAME
DOES NOT LIE WITH
MY HUSBAND BUT
WITH ME.



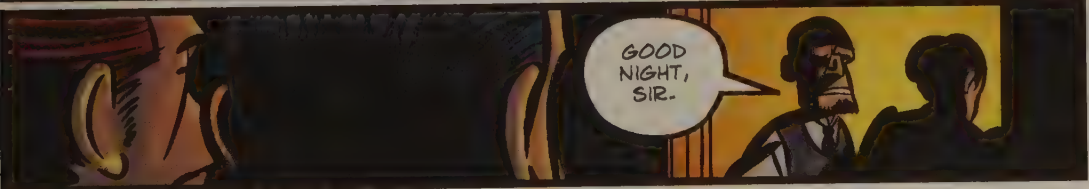
IS THIS TRUE,
BARRYMORE?

YES,
SIR.

WELL,
I CAN'T BLAME
YOU FOR STANDING
BY YOUR WIFE. GO
TO YOUR ROOM, YOU
TWO. WE'LL TALK
FURTHER ABOUT
THIS IN THE
MORNING.



GOOD
NIGHT,
SIR.



IT CAN'T BE FAR
IF BARRYMORE HAD TO
CARRY FOOD OUT THERE.
SELDEN'S OUT THERE,
WAITING. BY THUNDER,
WATSON, I'M GOING TO
GET HIM. ARE YOU GAME?

I AM
INDEED!

FIVE MINUTES LATER, WE
STARTED OUR EXPEDITION. THE
NIGHT AIR WAS HEAVY WITH THE
SMELL OF DAMP AND DECAY...
AND SOMETHING ELSE -

HYROOOOO!!!

IT... IT WAS
THE CRY OF A
HOUND! MY GOD,
CAN THERE BE SOME
TRUTH TO THE STORIES?
IS IT POSSIBLE I'M
REALLY IN DANGER
FROM SO DARK A
CAUSE?

DO
YOU WISH
TO TURN
BACK?

NO, WE
CAME TO GET
OUR MAN AND
WE SHALL!

THERE!



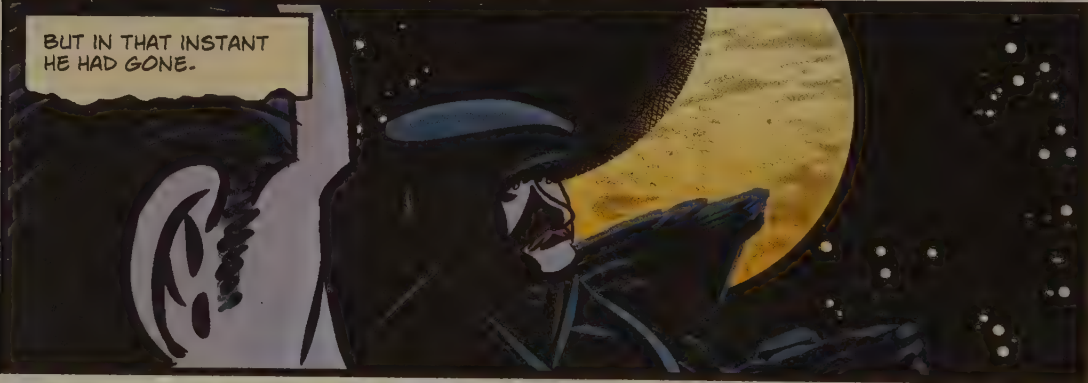
I SAW A FIGURE OF A MAN
UPON THE TOR. IT WAS NOT
THE CONVICT, THOUGH HE
MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE VERY
SPIRIT OF THAT TERRIBLE
PLACE.



WITH A CRY, I POINTED
HIM OUT TO SIR HENRY -



BUT IN THAT INSTANT
HE HAD GONE.



SUCH ARE THE ADVENTURES
OF LAST NIGHT. THE MOOR
AND ITS INHABITANTS REMAIN
AS INSCRUTABLE AS EVER. I WISH
YOU COULD COME DOWN TO US.



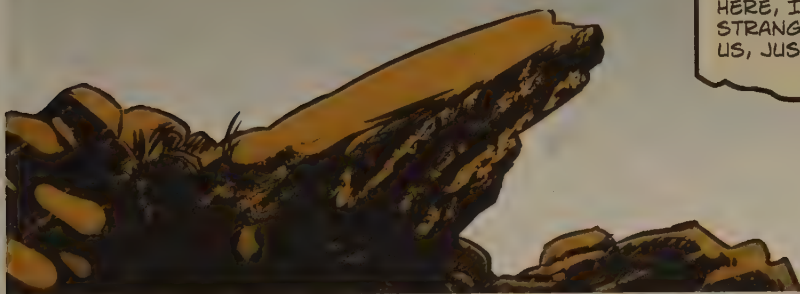
EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF DR. WATSON

OCTOBER 16

I AM CONSCIOUS OF A FEELING
OF IMPENDING DANGER WHICH IS
MORE TERRIBLE BECAUSE I AM
UNABLE TO DEFINE IT.

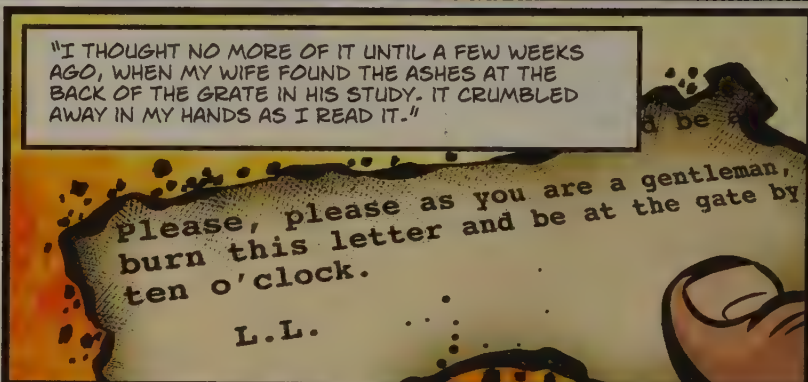


THE FIGURE ON THE TOR IS
NO ONE I HAVE SEEN DOWN
HERE, I AM CERTAIN. A
STRANGER, THEN, IS DOGGING
US, JUST AS IN LONDON.



MY FIRST IMPULSE WAS
TO TELL SIR HENRY, BUT
HIS NERVES HAVE BEEN
STRANGELY SHAKEN BY
THAT SOUND UPON
THE MOOR.





OCTOBER 17
I WALKED OUT UPON THE MOOR,
FULL OF DARK IMAGININGS...
OF SELDEN, THE FACE IN THE CAB,
THE FIGURE AGAINST THE MOON.



ON RETURNING, DR. MORTIMER
GAVE ME A LIFT HOMEWARDS.
IT GAVE ME AMPLE CHANCE TO
MAKE USE OF HIS LOCAL
KNOWLEDGE.

BY THE
WAY, CAN
YOU TELL ME
THE NAME OF ANY
WOMAN WHOSE
INITIALS ARE
"L.L."?

WHY,
YES! LAURA
LYONS - SHE
IS FRANKLAND'S
DAUGHTER, BUT
SHE LIVES OVER
IN COOMBE
TRACEY.

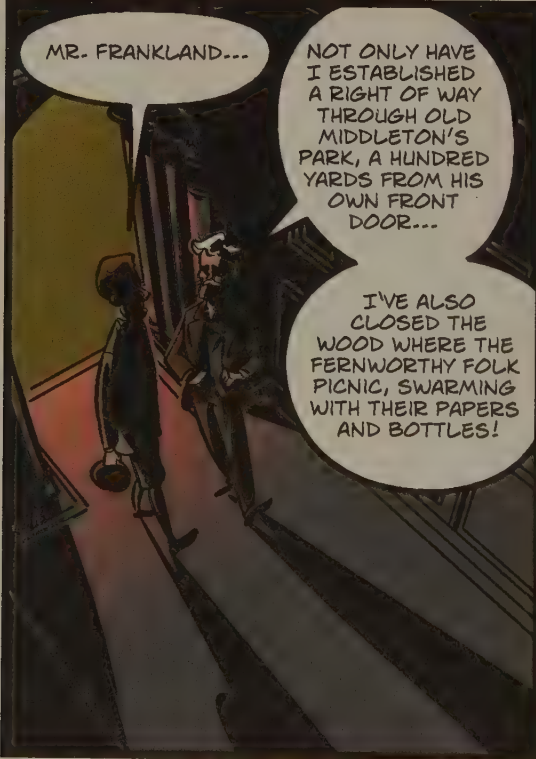


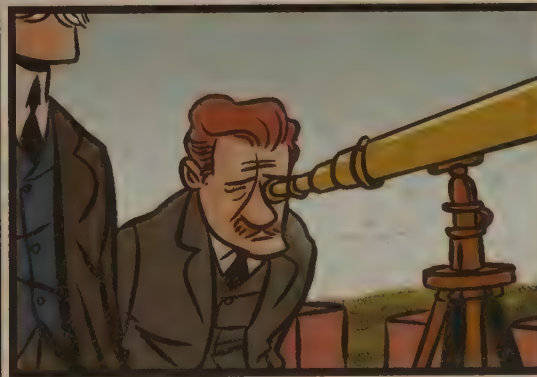
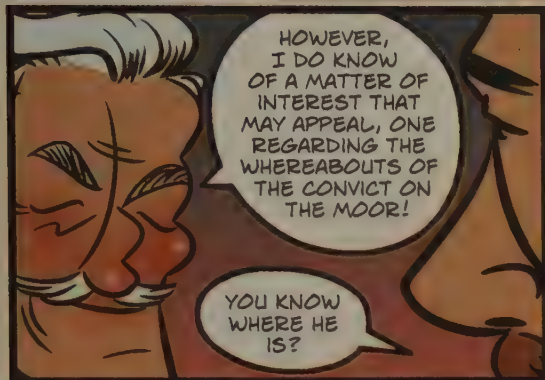
SHE MARRIED AN
ARTIST NAMED LYONS,
THOUGH THE BLACKGUARD
DESERTED HER, AND HER
FATHER CUT HER OFF FOR
MARRYING WITHOUT
HIS CONSENT.

SIR CHARLES
WAS HER DISCREET
BENEFACTOR, ENABLING
HER TO EARN AN
HONEST LIVING.



THE MAN ON THE TOR





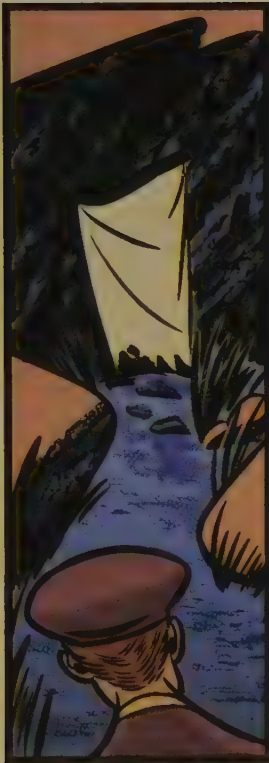


WELL?

CERTAINLY,
THERE IS A BOY
WHO SEEMS ON
SOME SECRET
ERRAND.

AND WHAT
THE ERRAND IS,
EVEN A COUNTRY
CONSTABLE COULD
GUESS AT!

"IT IS THE FIEND, DR. WATSON -
SELDEN, THE MAD STABBER
HIMSELF!"

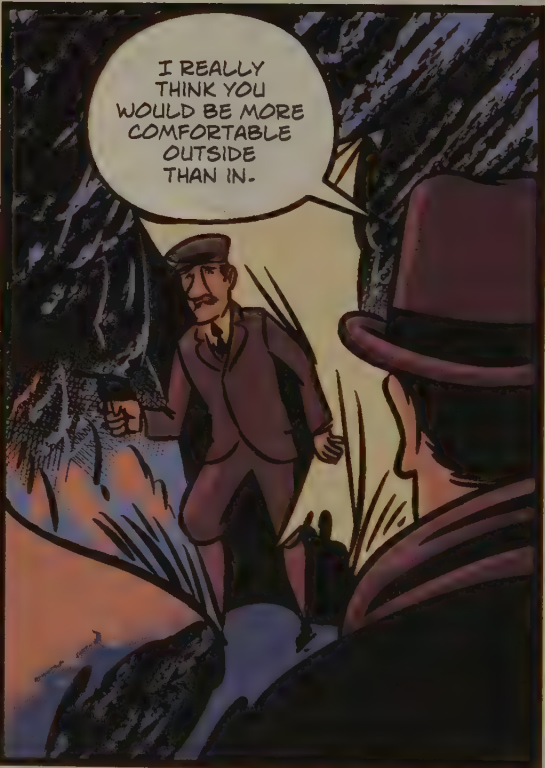


DR. WATSON IS
AT LAFTER HALL



I REALLY
THINK YOU
WOULD BE MORE
COMFORTABLE
OUTSIDE
THAN IN.

IT IS
A LOVELY
EVENING,
MY DEAR
WATSON.



DEATH ON THE MOOR



HOLMES!
I NEVER WAS
MORE GLAD TO
SEE ANYONE IN
ALL MY LIFE!

BUT
I THOUGHT
YOU WERE IN
BAKER STREET,
WORKING ON THAT
BLACKMAIL
CASE!

THAT
WAS WHAT I
WANTED YOU TO
THINK... ALTHOUGH
I FANCY YOU SAW
ME ON THAT NIGHT
WHEN I WAS RASH
ENOUGH TO SHOW
MYSELF AGAINST
THE MOON.

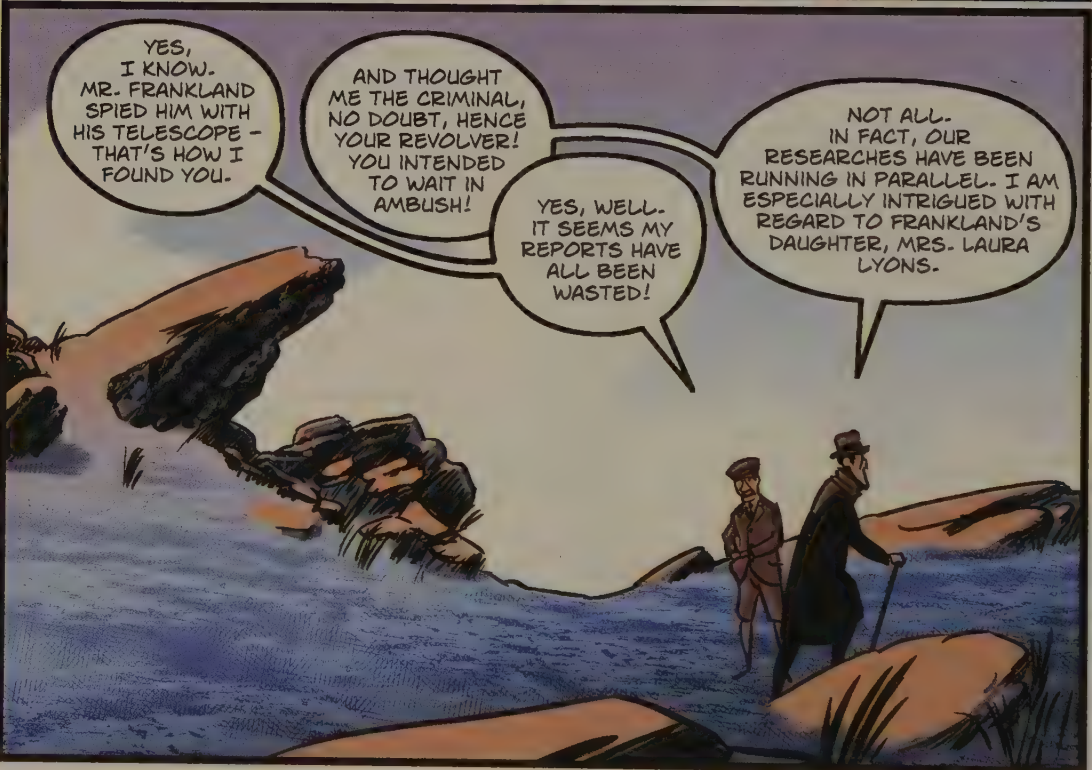
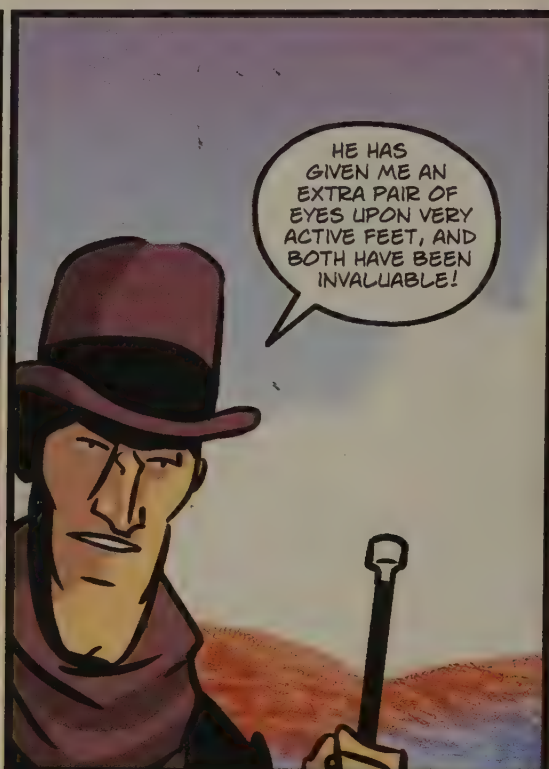
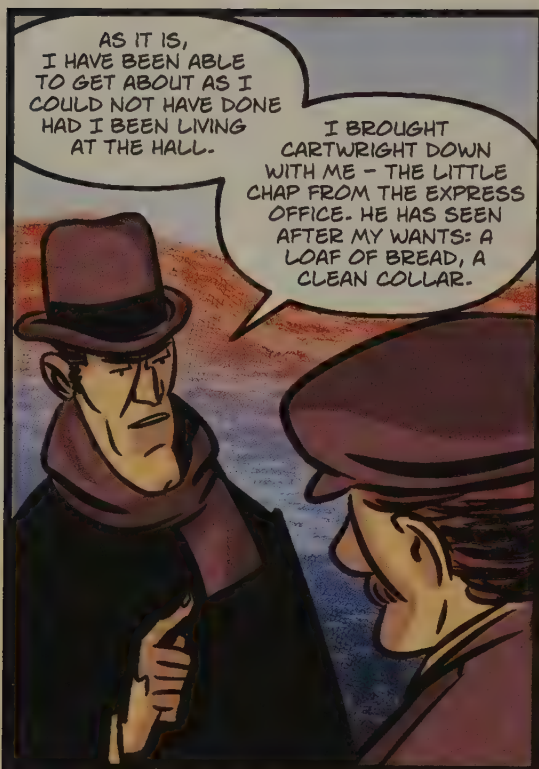


I DESERVE
BETTER AT YOUR
HANDS, HOLMES!
YOU USE ME, YET
DO NOT TRUST
ME?



MY DEAR
FELLOW, YOU
HAVE BEEN
INVALUABLE TO ME!
IN TRUTH, IT WAS
PARTLY FOR YOUR
SAKE THAT I
DID IT.

HAD I
BEEN WITH YOU
AND SIR HENRY, MY
PRESENCE WOULD HAVE
WARNED OUR FORMIDABLE
OPPONENTS TO BE ON
THEIR GUARD.



YOU ARE AWARE, PERHAPS, THAT SHE IS SEEKING A DIVORCE FROM HER ERRANT HUSBAND. A COSTLY BUSINESS. AND THAT A CLOSE INTIMACY EXISTS BETWEEN HER AND STAPLETON?

I DIDN'T, NO.

THEY MEET. THEY WRITE. THERE IS AN UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN THEM, WHICH PUTS A POWERFUL WEAPON IN OUR HANDS---

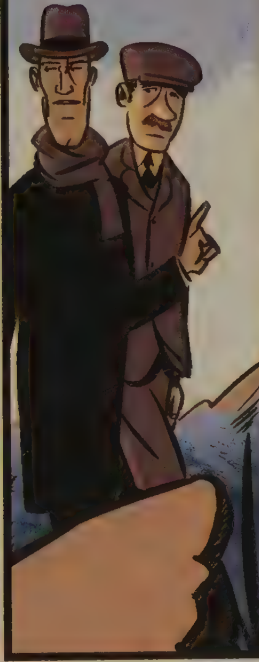
IF I COULD USE IT TO DETACH HIS WIFE -

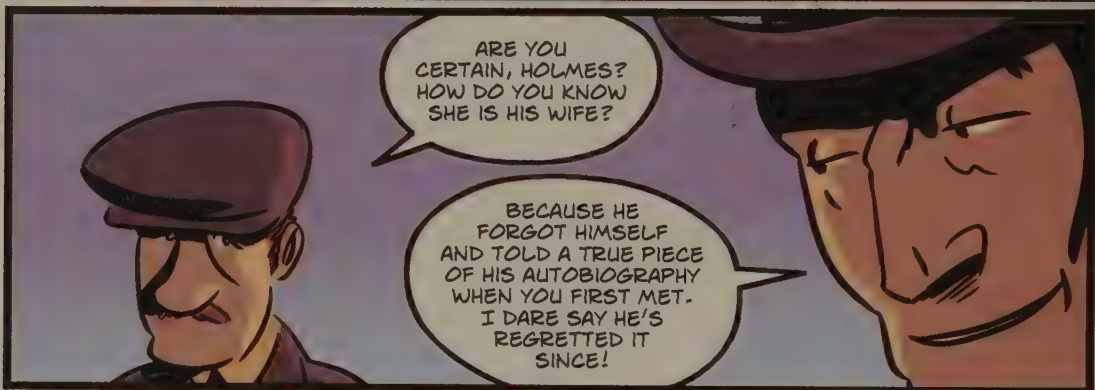
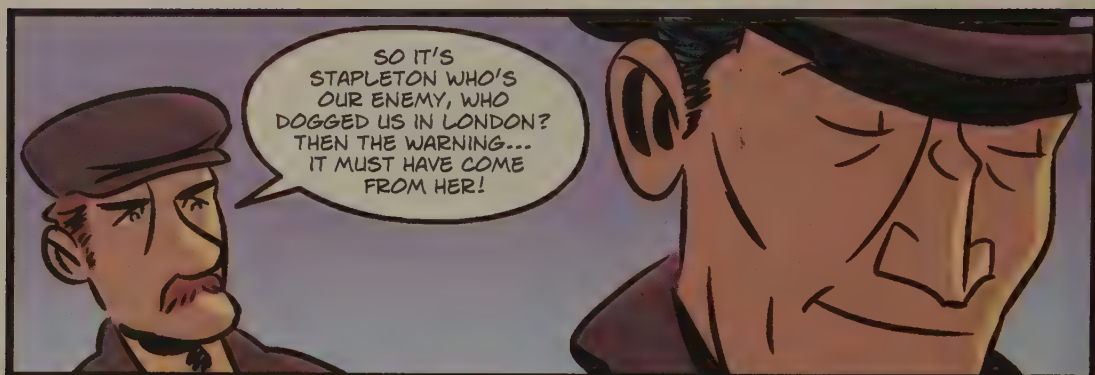
HIS WIFE?

THE LADY WHO PASSES AS MISS STAPLETON IS IN REALITY HIS WIFE!

STAPLETON FORESAW SHE WOULD BE MORE USEFUL TO HIM IN THE CHARACTER OF A FREE WOMAN.

SIR HENRY'S FALLING IN LOVE COULD HARM NO ONE EXCEPT HIMSELF. STAPLETON TOOK PARTICULAR CARE, HOWEVER, THAT SIR HENRY DID NOT MAKE LOVE TO HER, AS YOU SAW.



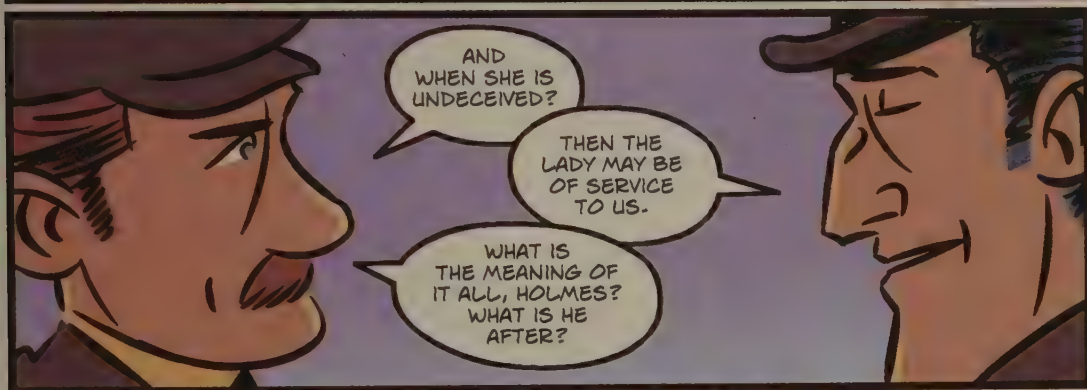
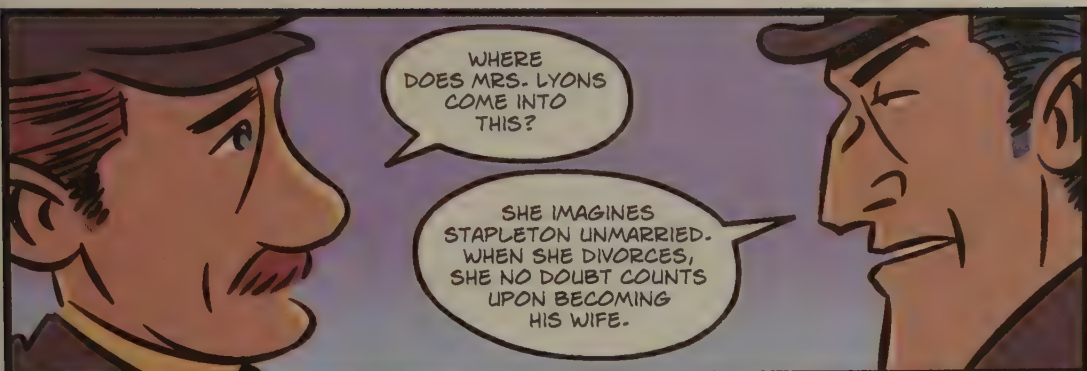


"THERE IS NO ONE EASIER TO TRACE THAN A SCHOOLMASTER. A LITTLE INVESTIGATION REVEALED THAT A SCHOOL IN THE NORTH HAD INDEED COME TO GRIEF UNDER ATROCIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES."



"THE OWNER AND HIS WIFE HAD VANISHED. THE NAME WAS DIFFERENT, BUT THE DESCRIPTION TALLIED. AS DID THE DEVOTION TO ENTOMOLOGY."





MY GOD!
WHAT IS
IT?

HUSH!
HUSH!

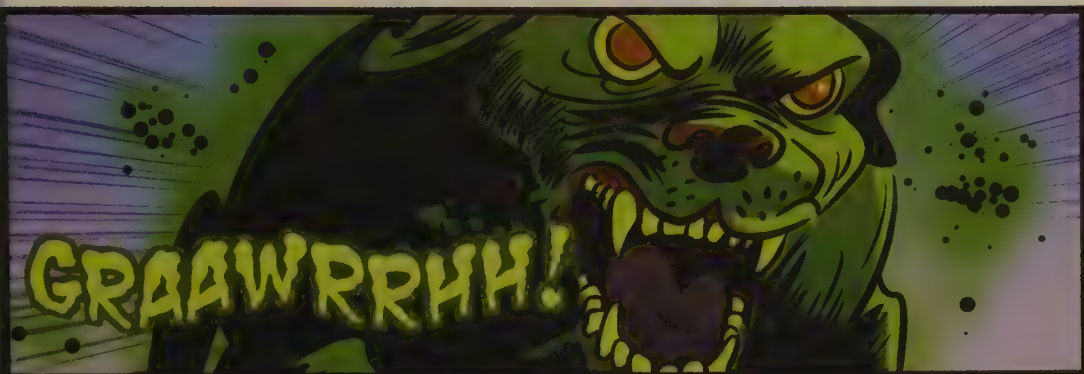
GIIAARRGHH!

THERE!

NO,
THERE!

"THE HOUND,
WATSON!
THE HOUND!"







I CANNOT FORGIVE MYSELF FOR HAVING LEFT HIM TO HIS FATE!

I AM MORE TO BLAME, WATSON, BUT HOW COULD I KNOW SIR HENRY WOULD RISK HIS LIFE ALONE UPON THE MOOR IN THE FACE OF ALL MY WARNINGS?



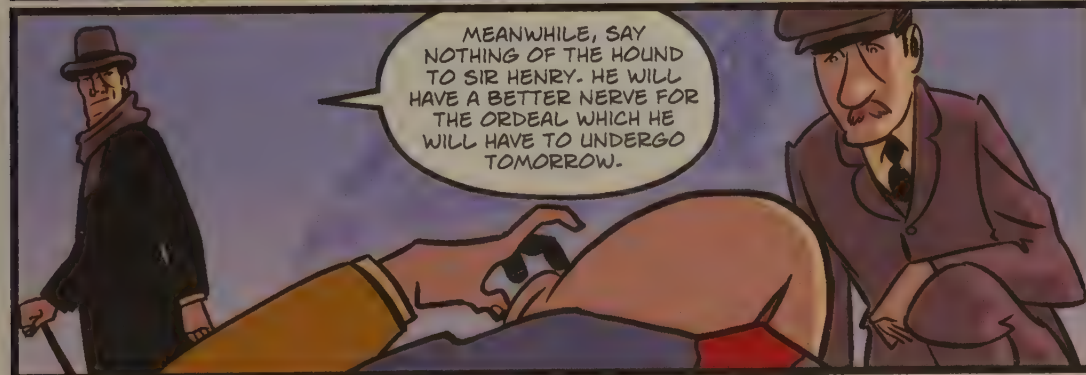
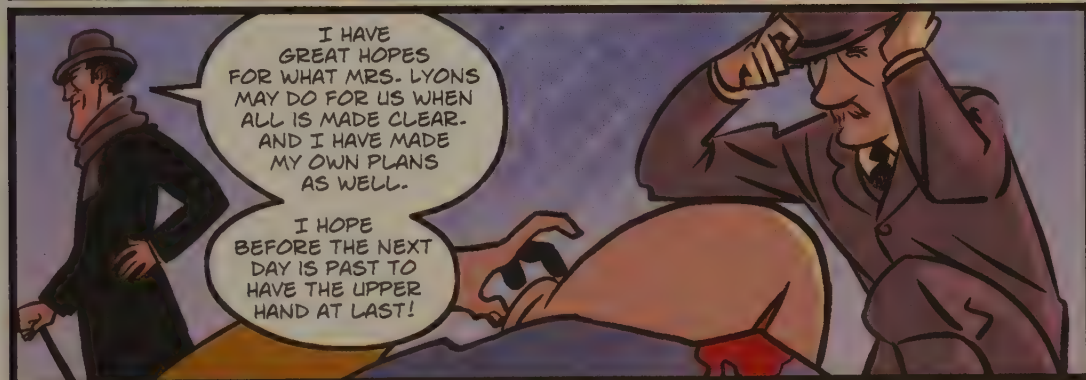
WE MUST SEND FOR HELP. WE CANNOT CARRY HIM, WE... HOLMES! HOLMES!

A BEARD! THE MAN HAS A BEARD!



IT'S SELDEN!

YET THE SUIT IS SIR HENRY'S.



FIXING THE NETS

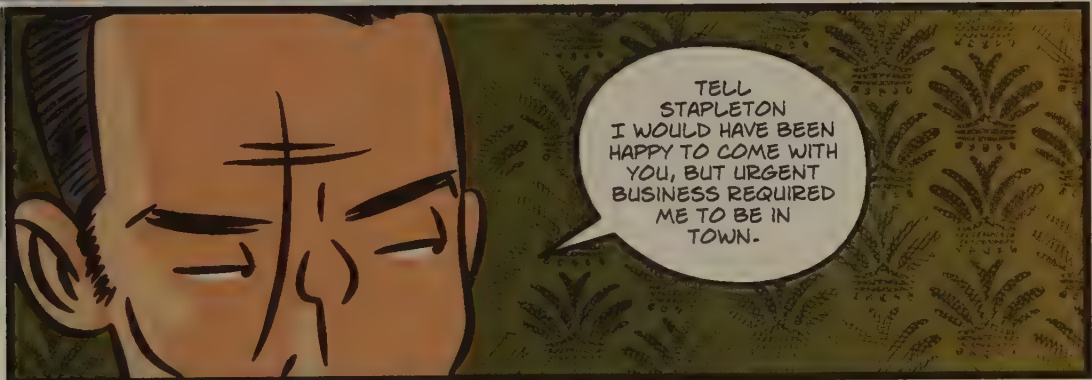
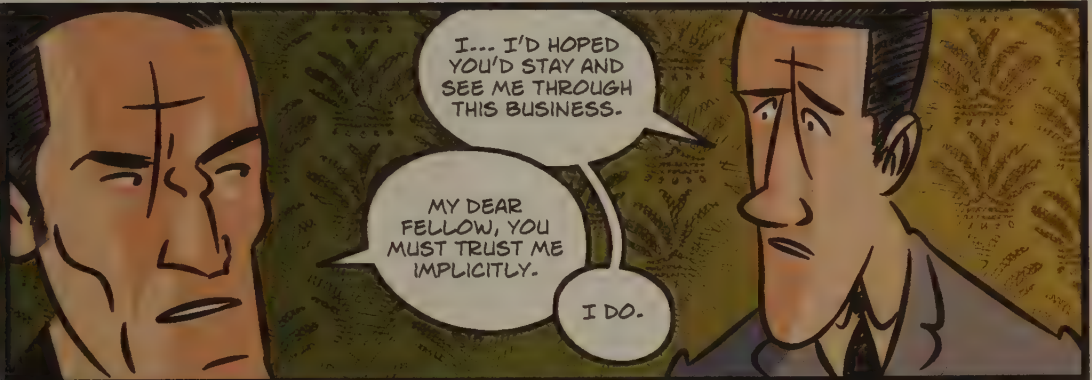


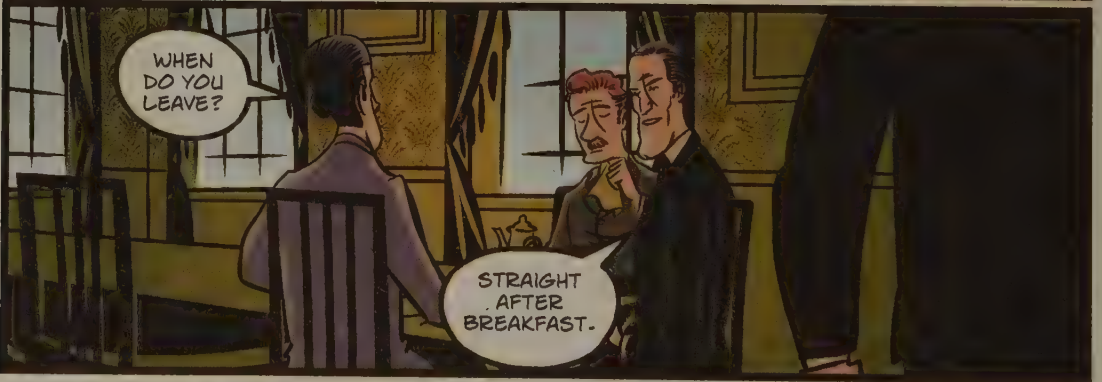
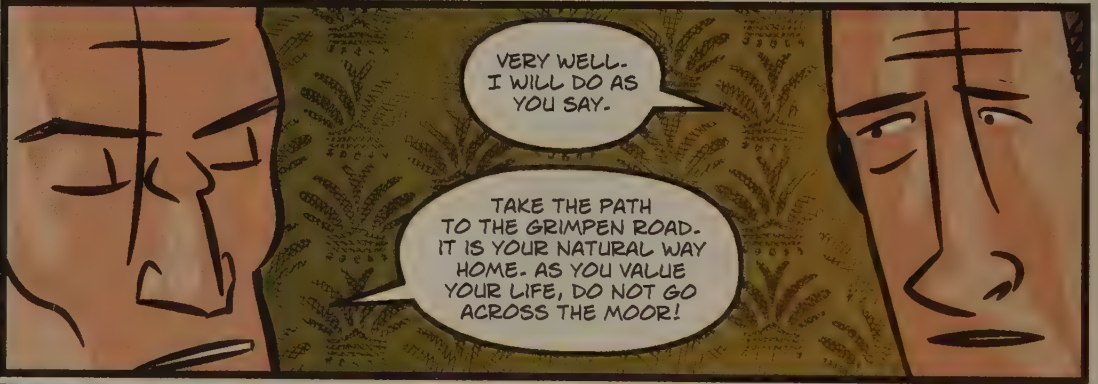
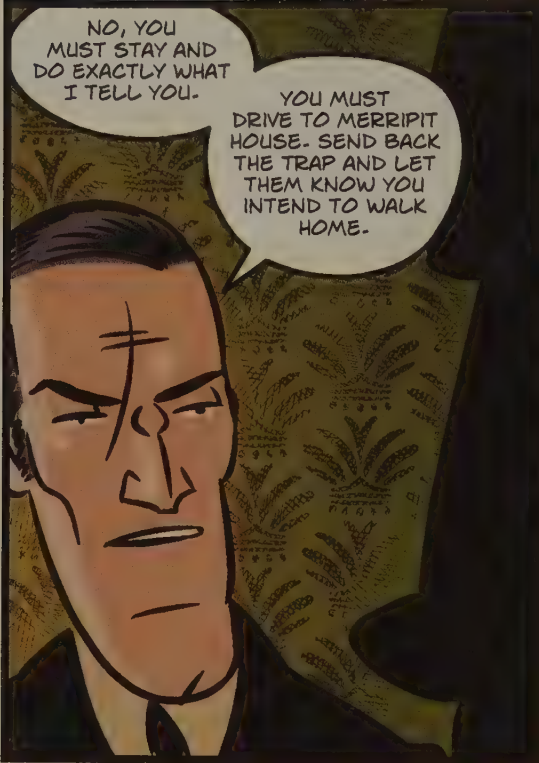
GOOD MORNING, HOLMES! YOU LOOK LIKE A GENERAL WHO IS PLANNING A BATTLE WITH HIS CHIEF OF STAFF.

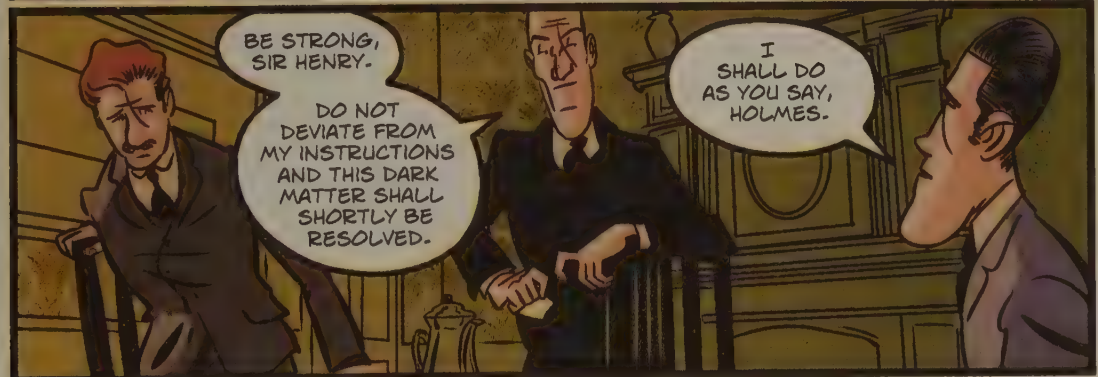
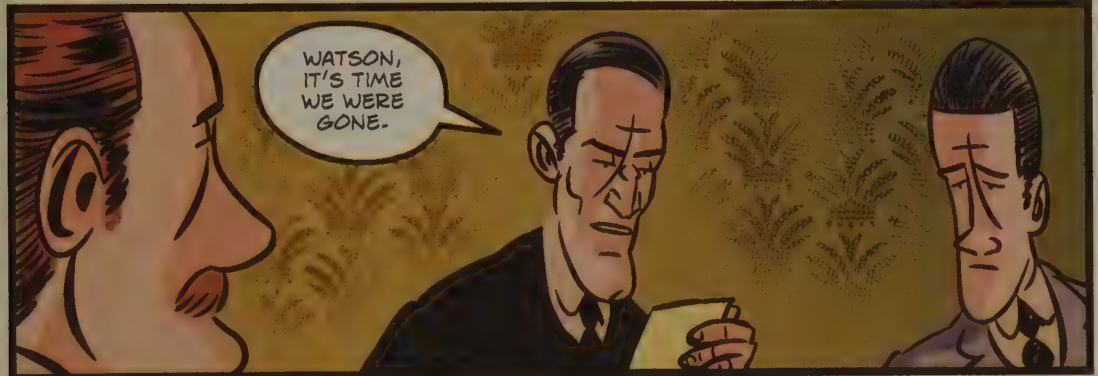
THAT IS THE EXACT SITUATION. I UNDERSTAND YOU ARE ENGAGED TO DINE WITH THE STAPLETONS TONIGHT, CORRECT?

YES, I HOPED YOU'D COME, TOO. THEY'D BE PLEASED TO SEE YOU.

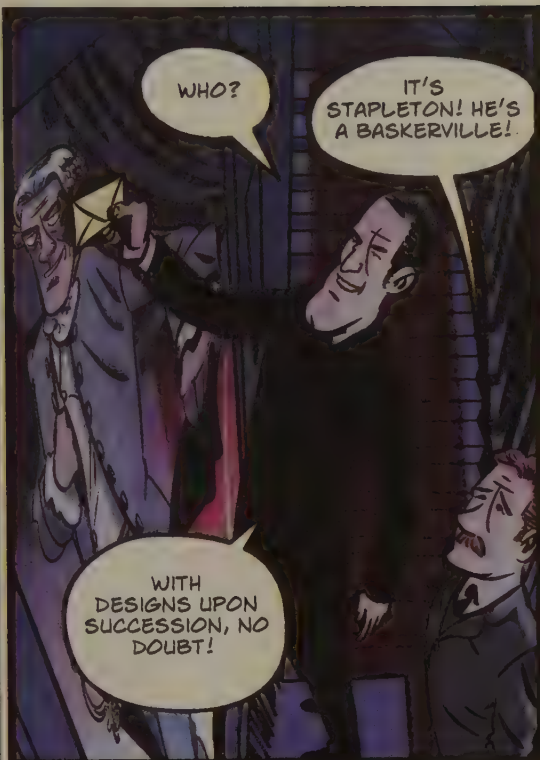




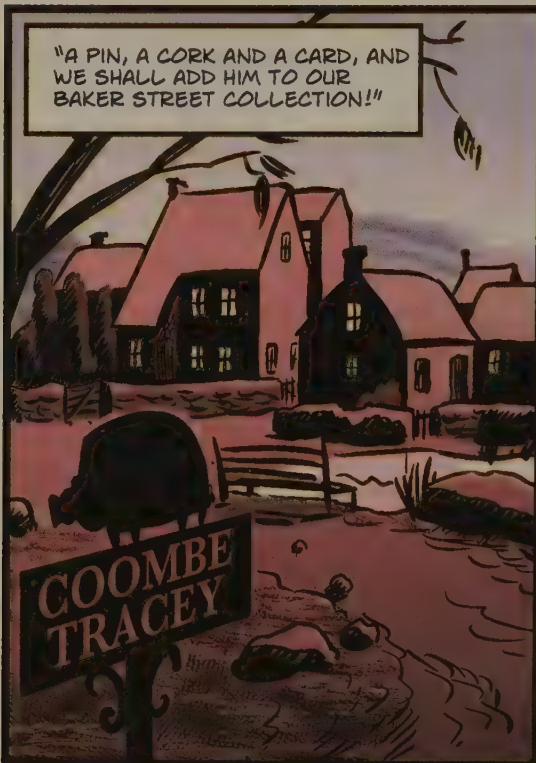








"A PIN, A CORK AND A CARD, AND WE SHALL ADD HIM TO OUR BAKER STREET COLLECTION!"



MRS. LYONS, MY NAME IS SHERLOCK HOLMES. I AM INVESTIGATING THE DEATH OF THE LATE SIR CHARLES BASKERVILLE.

MY COLLEAGUE, DR. WATSON HERE, INFORMS ME THAT YOU HAVE WITHHELD INFORMATION IN CONNECTION WITH THAT MATTER.



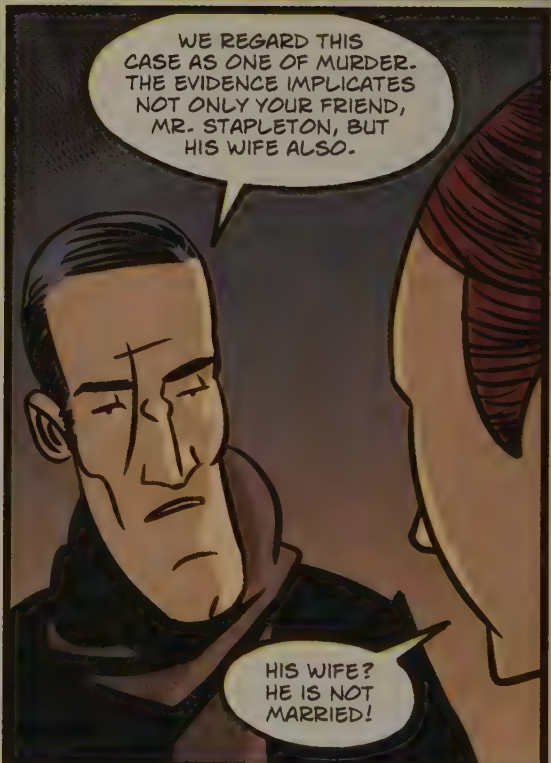
THAT SOUNDS LIKE AN ACCUSATION!

WE KNOW YOU ARRANGED TO MEET SIR CHARLES AT THE PLACE AND HOUR OF HIS DEATH.

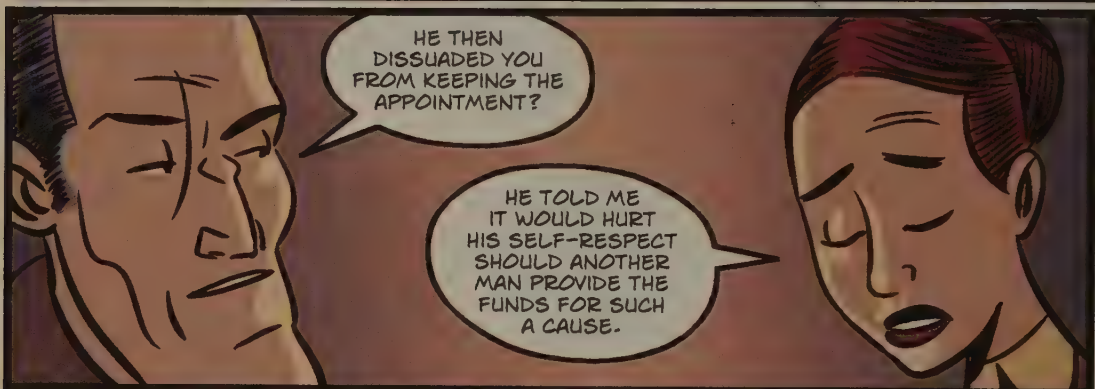
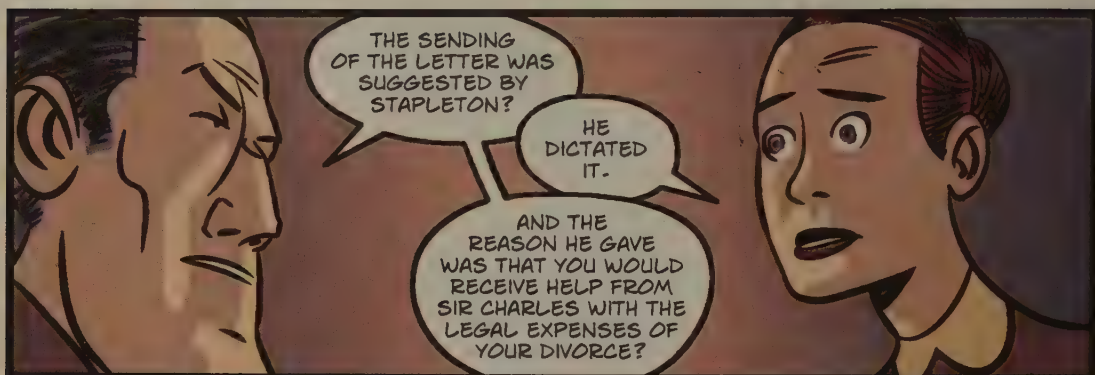


WE REGARD THIS CASE AS ONE OF MURDER. THE EVIDENCE IMPLICATES NOT ONLY YOUR FRIEND, MR. STAPLETON, BUT HIS WIFE ALSO.

HIS WIFE? HE IS NOT MARRIED!







THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

"YOU SAY THE LADY
IS NOT THERE, WATSON?"



NO,
NOT ALL
NIGHT. IN THE
DINING ROOM
OR THE
KITCHEN.

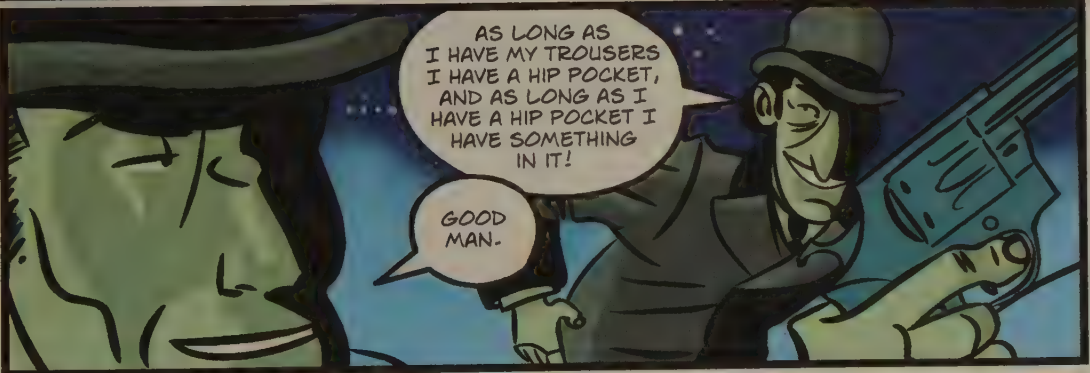
HMM....

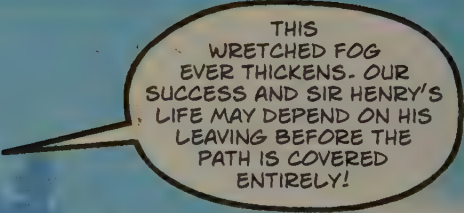
ARE
YOU ARMED,
LESTRADE?



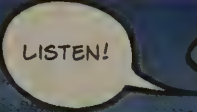
AS LONG AS
I HAVE MY TROUSERS
I HAVE A HIP POCKET,
AND AS LONG AS I
HAVE A HIP POCKET I
HAVE SOMETHING
IN IT!

GOOD
MAN.

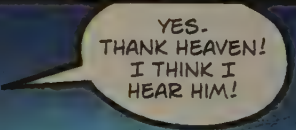




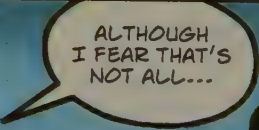
THIS
WRETCHED FOG
EVER THICKENS. OUR
SUCCESS AND SIR HENRY'S
LIFE MAY DEPEND ON HIS
LEAVING BEFORE THE
PATH IS COVERED
ENTIRELY!



LISTEN!



YES.
THANK HEAVEN!
I THINK I
HEAR HIM!

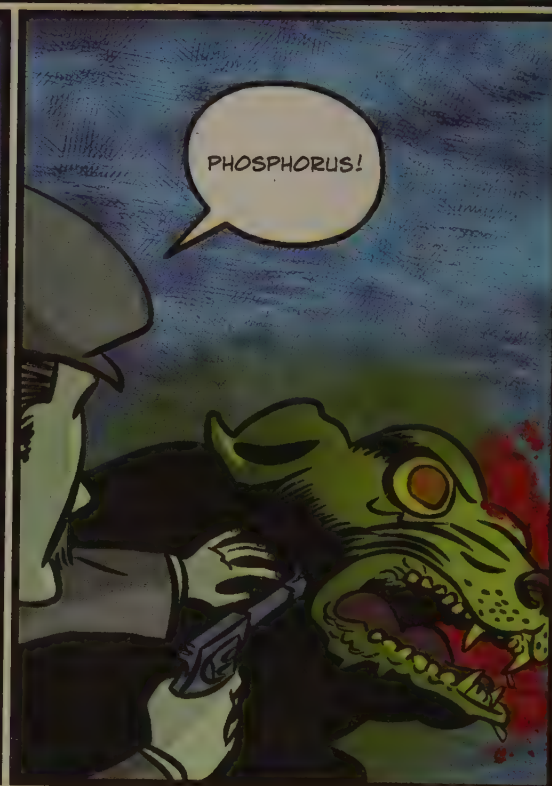


ALTHOUGH
I FEAR THAT'S
NOT ALL...



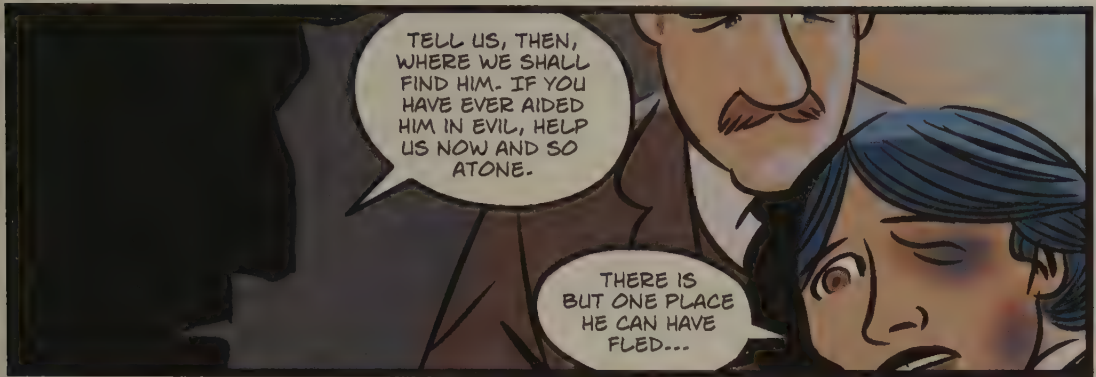












"IF ONLY I HAD PLUCKED THEM
OUT, THEN YOU WOULD HAVE
HAD HIM AT YOUR MERCY!"

NO! HELP!
HELP ME!

HELP
ME! FOR
GOD'S SAKE!
PLEASE...
PLEASE!

NO!!!

GAKKLLKKK---



A RETROSPECTION

"MY INQUIRIES SHOW THE FAMILY PORTRAIT DID NOT LIE. STAPLETON WAS INDEED THE SON OF RODGER BASKERVILLE..."



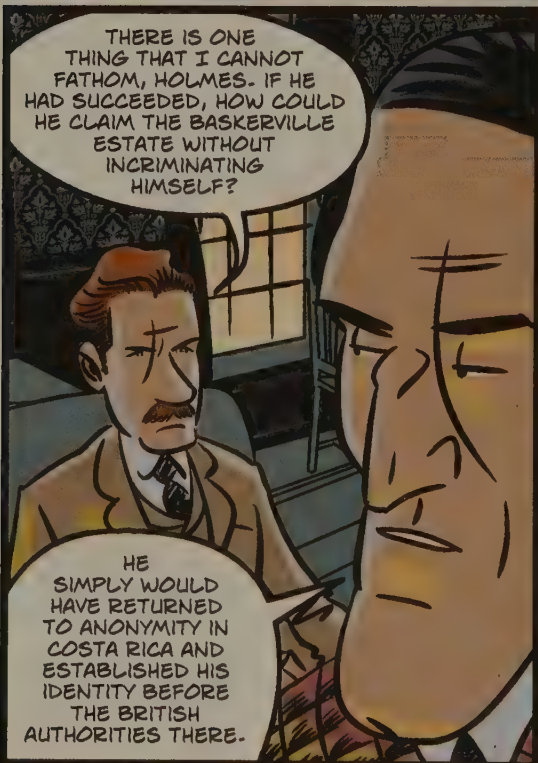
HE MARRIED BERYL GARCIA, ONE OF THE BEAUTIES OF COSTA RICA, AND HAVING PURLOINED A SUBSTANTIAL SUM OF PUBLIC MONEY, FLED TO ENGLAND.



HE ESTABLISHED A SCHOOL IN YORKSHIRE. IT BEGAN WELL BUT SOON SANK INTO DISREPUTE AND INFAMY.

IT WAS THEN I BELIEVE HE PUT HIS SCHEME FOR THE FUTURE INTO EFFECT.







THE END

SKETCHBOOK...

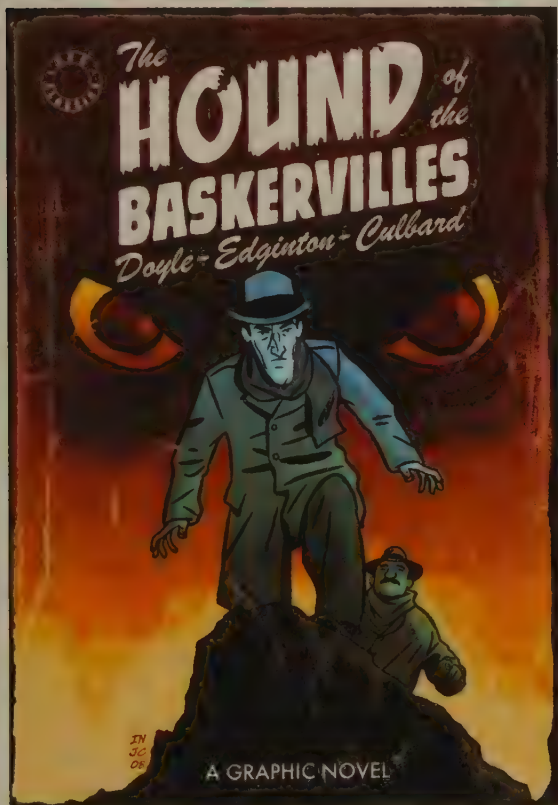
WITH NOTES BY THE ILLUSTRATOR,
I. N. J. CULBARD

WITH BOTH THESE EARLY JACKET COVER DESIGNS I WANTED TO CAPTURE THE PULP ADVENTURE FEEL TO THE SHERLOCK HOLMES STORIES SO I WENT FOR AGED-LOOKING CREASED COVERS. HERE (RIGHT)

WE HAVE A ROUGH EARLY DESIGN OF HOLMES AND WATSON SET AGAINST THE BLEAK BACKDROP OF THE MOOR, AND THE HOUND FRAMED BY MOONLIGHT ON THE TOR. I BASED THE HOUND'S SILHOUETTE ON THE IMAGE OF THE HOUND WHICH APPEARED ON THE COVER OF THE BOOK'S FIRST EDITION.



HERE'S A JACKET DESIGN PRODUCED LATER ON ONCE I'D ESTABLISHED HOLMES' APPEARANCE, BUT AS YOU MAY SEE FROM THIS PICTURE I WAS STILL TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT MY VERSION OF WATSON WOULD LOOK LIKE.



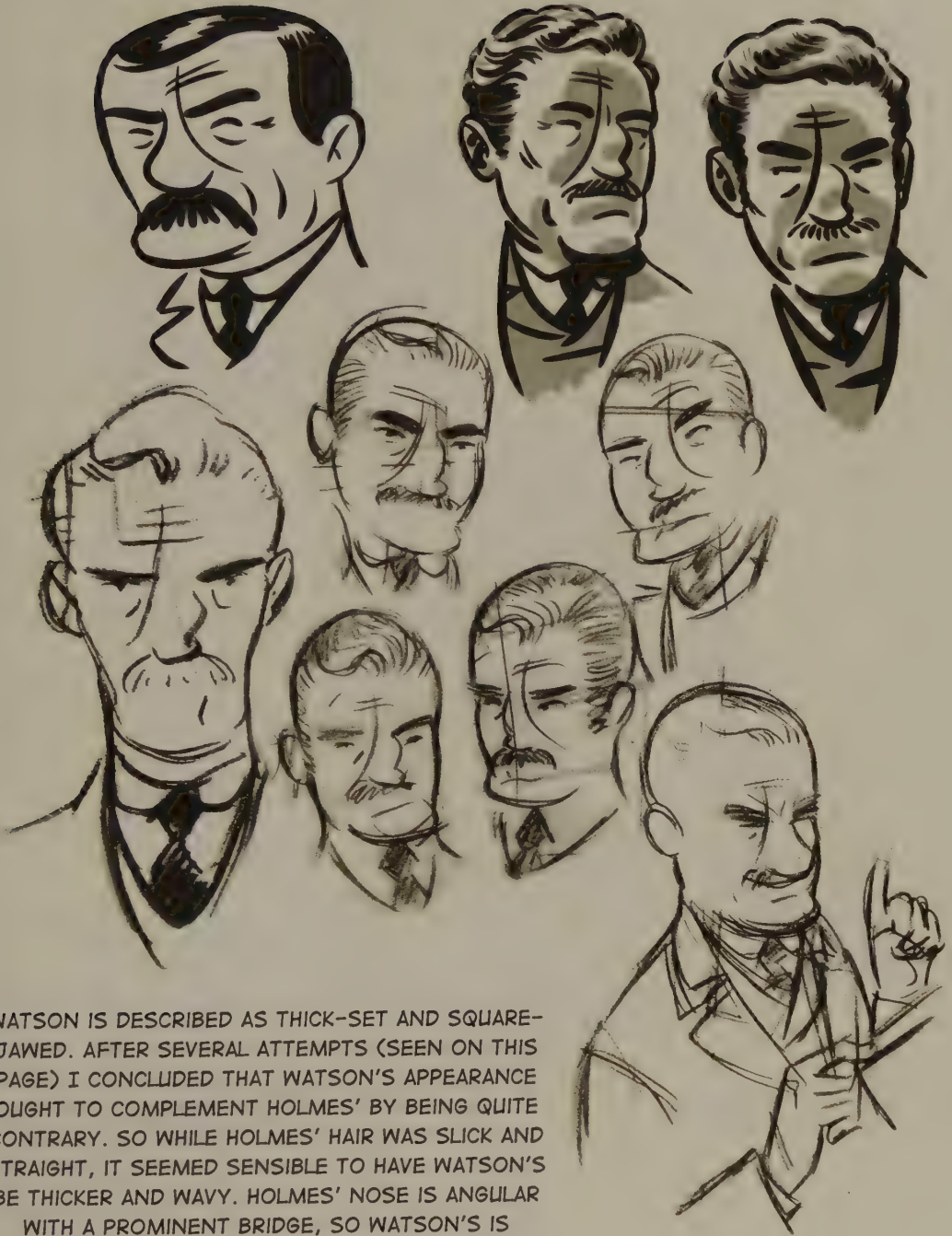


HOLMES IS IN HIS MID-THIRTIES WHEN *THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES* TAKES PLACE.

THE DESCRIPTION OF HIM GIVEN BY DR. WATSON IN *A STUDY IN SCARLET* PROVIDED ME WITH A FEW POINTERS. HIS EYES WERE

"SHARP AND PIERCING" AND HIS NOSE "THIN" AND "HAWK-LIKE", WITH A CHIN THAT HAD "THE PROMINENCE OF SQUARENESS WHICH MARK THE MAN OF DETERMINATION".

THESE ARE JUST SOME EARLY DESIGNS.



WATSON IS DESCRIBED AS THICK-SET AND SQUARE-JAWED. AFTER SEVERAL ATTEMPTS (SEEN ON THIS PAGE) I CONCLUDED THAT WATSON'S APPEARANCE OUGHT TO COMPLEMENT HOLMES' BY BEING QUITE CONTRARY. SO WHILE HOLMES' HAIR WAS SLICK AND STRAIGHT, IT SEEMED SENSIBLE TO HAVE WATSON'S BE THICKER AND WAVY. HOLMES' NOSE IS ANGULAR WITH A PROMINENT BRIDGE, SO WATSON'S IS FLAT ACROSS THE BRIDGE AND SMOOTH, AND SO ON...

THE ROOMS AT 221B BAKER STREET

STAIRS DOWN
TO MRS. HUDSON'S
QUARTERS AND FRONT
DOOR

HOLMES'
BEDROOM

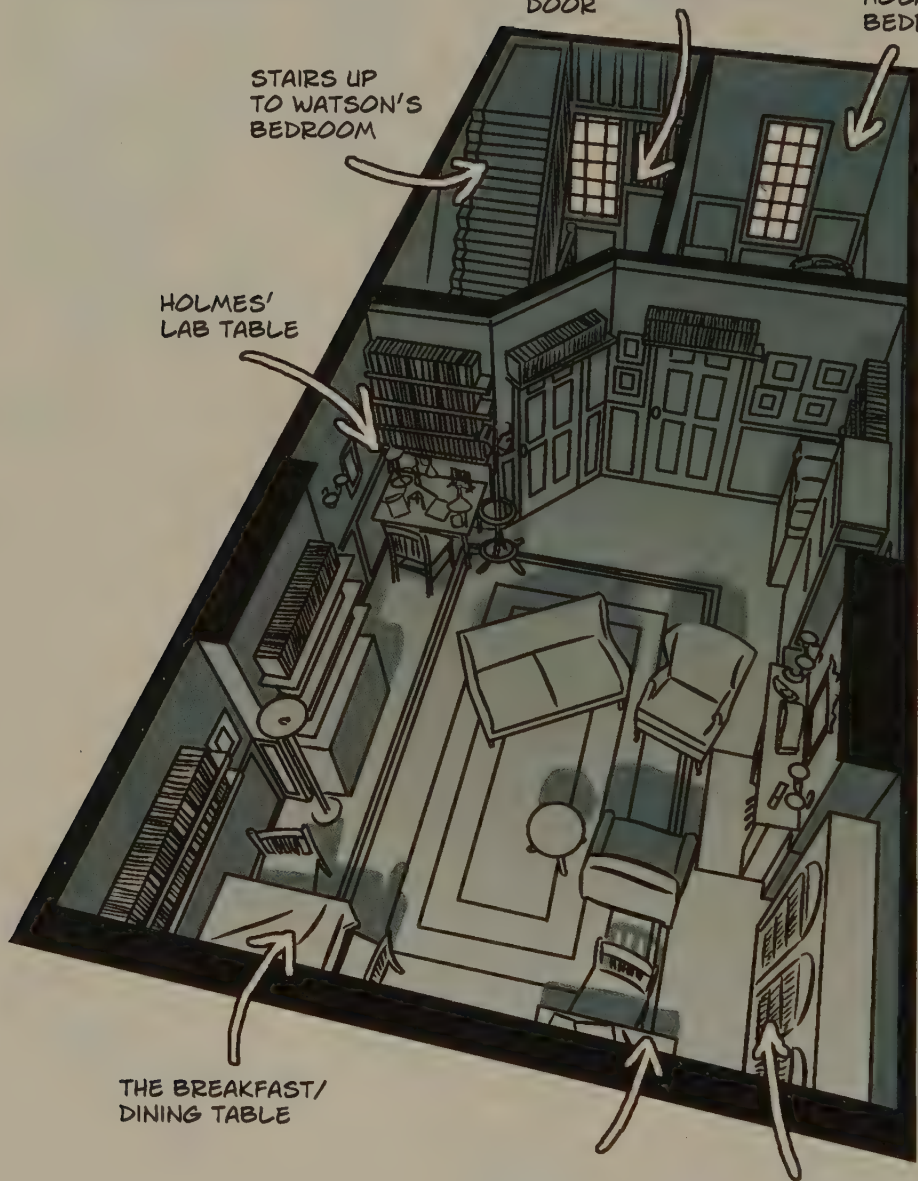
STAIRS UP
TO WATSON'S
BEDROOM

HOLMES'
LAB TABLE

THE BREAKFAST/
DINING TABLE

WATSON'S
WRITING
DESK

WATSON'S
BOOKS



COMING SOON...

A STUDY IN SCARLET

A STUDY IN SCARLET IS WHERE IT ALL BEGAN: THE ORIGINAL STORY OF THE FIRST EVER "CONSULTING DETECTIVE", MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES OF BAKER STREET, AND HIS NEW HOUSEMATE, THEN FRIEND, NOW IMMORTAL CHRONICLER, DR. JOHN WATSON. FIRST PUBLISHED AS THE "REPRINT" OF WATSON'S "REMINISCENCES" IN 1887, SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S NOVEL HAS SET THE STANDARD OF FORENSIC DEDUCTION FOR EVERY WHODUNNIT SINCE. THE TITLE OF *A STUDY IN SCARLET* DELIBERATELY SUGGESTS THE SEMI-ABSTRACT PAINTINGS THEN BECOMING FASHIONABLE – BUT THE ART IT PIONEERED HAS LASTED MUCH LONGER. AS HOLMES HIMSELF PUTS IT, "THERE'S THE SCARLET THREAD OF MURDER RUNNING THROUGH THE COLOURLESS SKEIN OF LIFE, AND OUR DUTY IS TO UNRAVEL IT, AND ISOLATE IT, AND EXPOSE EVERY INCH OF IT".

PREVIEW...

MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES

IN THE YEAR 1878, I TOOK MY DEGREE AS DOCTOR OF MEDICINE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON BEFORE PROCEEDING TO NETLEY AND THE COURSE PRESCRIBED FOR ARMY SURGEONS. UPON COMPLETING MY STUDIES, I WAS ATTACHED TO THE FIFTH NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS AS ASSISTANT SURGEON.

BEFORE I COULD JOIN THE REGIMENT IN INDIA, THE SECOND AFGHAN WAR HAD BROKEN OUT. MY CORPS WERE DEEP IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY. I EVENTUALLY REACHED THEM IN CANDAHAR AND AT ONCE ENTERED UPON MY NEW DUTIES.



THE CAMPAIGN BROUGHT HONOURS AND PROMOTION TO MANY, BUT FOR ME IT HELD NOTHING BUT MISFORTUNE AND DISASTER.

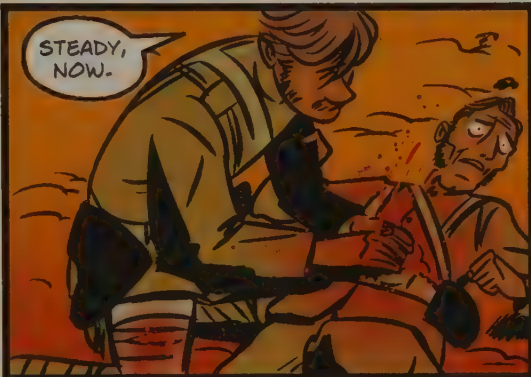
I WAS LATER ATTACHED TO THE BERKSHIRES, WITH WHOM I SERVED AT THE FATAL BATTLE OF MAIWAND.



HHH...
PLEASE...
HELP...



STEADY,
NOW.



I WAS STRUCK ON THE SHOULDER BY A JEZAIL BULLET, WHICH SHATTERED THE BONE AND GRAZED THE SUBCLAVIAN ARTERY.



I SHOULD HAVE FALLEN INTO THE HANDS OF THE MURDEROUS GHAZIS HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR THE DEVOTION AND COURAGE OF MURRAY, MY ORDERLY WHO SAW ME TO SAFETY.



WORN WITH PAIN, AND WEAK FROM THE PROLONGED HARDSHIPS I HAD UNDERGONE, I WAS REMOVED TO THE BASE HOSPITAL AT PESHAWAR.



HERE I RALLIED, AND HAD IMPROVED SO FAR AS TO BE ABLE TO BASK A LITTLE UPON THE VERANDAH, WHEN I WAS STRUCK DOWN WITH ENTERIC FEVER, THAT CURSE OF OUR INDIAN POSSESSIONS.



FOR MONTHS MY LIFE WAS DESPAIRED OF. WHEN AT LAST I CAME TO MYSELF, I WAS SO WEAK AND EMACIATED, A MEDICAL BOARD DETERMINED I SHOULD BE SENT BACK TO ENGLAND IMMEDIATELY.



I ARRIVED A MONTH LATER, MY HEALTH RUINED, BUT WITH PERMISSION FROM A PATERNAL GOVERNMENT TO SPEND THE NEXT NINE MONTHS ATTEMPTING TO IMPROVE IT.

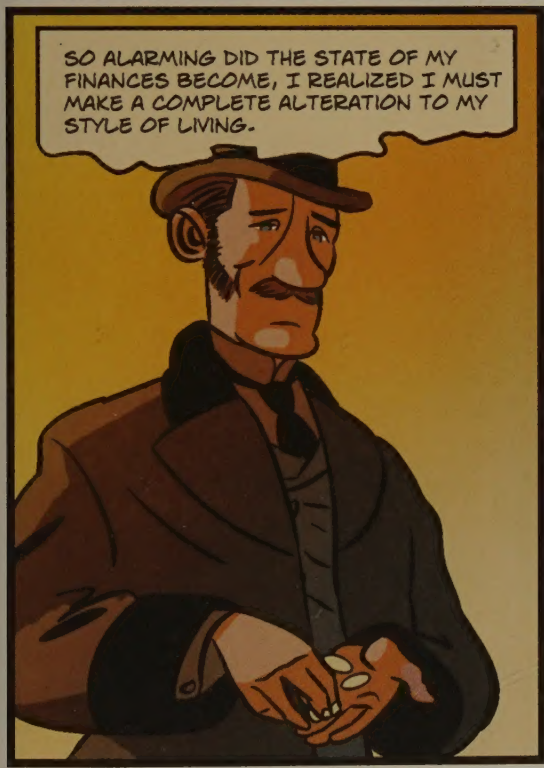




I HAD NEITHER KITH NOR KIN IN ENGLAND, AND WAS THEREFORE AS FREE AS AIR - OR AS FREE AS ONE CAN BE ON AN INCOME OF ELEVEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE A DAY.



I GRAVITATED TO LONDON, AND A PRIVATE HOTEL IN THE STRAND, WHERE I LED A COMFORTLESS, MEANINGLESS EXISTENCE, SPENDING MORE FREELY THAN I OUGHT.



SO ALARMING DID THE STATE OF MY FINANCES BECOME, I REALIZED I MUST MAKE A COMPLETE ALTERATION TO MY STYLE OF LIVING.



ON THE VERY DAY I HAD REACHED THIS CONCLUSION, I ENCOUNTERED YOUNG STAMFORD, WHO HAD BEEN A DRESSER UNDER ME AT BARTS.

WATSON?
JOHN
WATSON!

I.N.J. Culbard is an artist and writer. In 2006, he surpassed thousands of other writers and had his work published in Dark Horse Comics' *New Recruits* anthology. He has since appeared in the anthology series Dark Horse Presents, *Judge Dredd Magazine* and *2000 AD*. Culbard is an acclaimed animation director with considerable experience in directing commercials, developing projects for television, and producing and directing short films. As an artist, his graphic novels for SelfMadeHero include: *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, *A Study in Scarlet*, *The Sign of the Four*, *The Valley of Fear* and *At the Mountains of Madness*.

Ian Edginton, one of Britain's best-known writers, has had a tremendous impact on the world of comics. In his illustrious career he has worked for Lucasfilm, Paramount Pictures and 20th Century Fox to adapt *Star Wars*, *Star Trek*, *Alien*, *Predator* and *Terminator* properties, as well as with the H. G. Wells estate to adapt *War of the Worlds* for Dark Horse. He owes his success to good collaborations with other artists from the industry, most famously D'Israeli (*Scarlet Traces*) and Steve Yeowell (*The Red Seas*). He adapted Edgar Allan Poe's *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* and H.P. Lovecraft's *The Call of Cthulhu* (both illustrated by D'Israeli) for SelfMadeHero's graphic anthologies *Nevermore* and *The Lovecraft Anthology: Volume 1*. Also, he adapted SelfMadeHero's *Pride and Prejudice* (illustrated by Rob Deas). In 2007, his graphic novel *Scarlet Traces: The Great Game* was nominated for Best Limited Series and Best Writer at the prestigious Eisner Awards.

“What is the meaning of it all, Holmes?”

A gnarled walking-stick; a missing boot; a neglected family portrait; a convicted killer on the loose – and the ancestral curse of a phantom Hound... The great detective Sherlock Holmes needs all his powers of “elementary” deduction – as well as the staunch support of his devoted friend Dr. Watson – to solve the terrifying mystery of his most famous case...

“It is murder, Watson...”



“Culbard’s art brings every character to life with his well-placed brush strokes... Edginton does a beautiful job of reworking the novel’s many nuanced observations... more than just a tribute, this graphic novel is a cool and fun read”

Henry Chamberlain, *Newsarama*

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